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Forever.

The mulberry flowers came drooping down
  Sweet over the two that stood together,
Parting there by the gateway brown,
  Still and sad in the soft May weather,
He held her close for a last, long kiss:
  "I will wait for you, dear," she said, "forever."
No later hour shall be false to this;
  For mine is a love that can alter never!"

The mulberry flowers droop down once more
  Sweet over the two that stand together:
But not the two that stood before,
  Parting sad in the soft May weather!
For the earth has changed its bloom again,
  And the love has changed that could alter never,
But a year has come and gone since then!
  And that is the length of a girl's forever.

Good-Bye.

Good-bye, and yet good-bye! the words I speak,
  That linger long
On hearts that love too well; those words tho' weak,
  Can rend the strong.
And 'tis not weakness that on souls should dwell
  Their binding sway;
The rapturous transport of a last farewell
  All must obey.
Right gallantly the good ship ploughs her track,
  Through the salt sea foam,
And precious is the freight she carries back
  To many a home.
Then sail on, gallant ship; thy vanish'd bows
  I will not mourn,
For rolling time will see fulfilled the vows
  My lips have sworn.

NOT LOST.

It was late in the afternoon of a dull autumnal day that a group of young people came chatting down the flight of stone steps leading from the door of a cathedral church, in an old Atlantic seaport town. They were members of the choral society attached to the church, and they had evidently been there for rehearsal. Within, the great building yawned black and lonely, save in the gallery, where, over the organ, a gas-jet spun rays of light in the gloom, and the sound of softly subdued voices broke through the stillness.

The visible occupants were two, a man and a maiden—young, and with the cabalistic word, "lovers," gleaming as did the mysterious handwriting of old on the wall, on their foreheads. Robert Field, the organist, was turning over some sheets of manuscript music with an absorbed air, while by his side stood Hester Heathersleigh, her pretty face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edges of angry clouds scud by the narrow slit of window, giving to the east where the gray sea lay tossing stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said at last, dropping her slim hand on his shoulder. "Well, Robert, what is it?"

The musician's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little hands in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play for you some passages from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at Music Hall to-morrow evening, and I want your opinion in advance."

The young girl laughed—a little, rippling laugh of gleeful enthusiasm.

"My opinion! Why, Robert, you know beforehand what that will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said, wisely. "But now I want you to forget who is the author of the melody, and to exercise your judgment without stint. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which, wisely or unwisely, hopes all things, believes all things, and endures all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely opening, full of strange, sad chords, as if a soul were waiting somewhere in shadow. Then, as brightness entered, the theme asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of a great faith, of a fond, mad triumph, and bewildering joy. On and on the chords swept; it was as if a living chain of light ran round the world.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment between these two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, escaped into stillness. Then Hester Heathersleigh stooped, and with quivering lips and tear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so proud of you. Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud and satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened. "My love for you taught me," he answered. My love for you, which is so great, so all-absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

Then lifting her head he gazed for a moment with wistful tenderness into the rose-pink beauty of her small, sweet face.

"You think it is a triumph then, dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of a tender mercy born of your love for me?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for you," she repeated. Then her voice changed. "Ah, Robert! if my love can make you write like that now, then your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more the longer I know you. I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arm about his neck, and with tender, maiden sweetness kissed his forehead, and kissed his wavy hair, and kissed the thin, pale hand which lay nervelessly on the yellow organ keys. And then a stillness crept about them, a stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of golden speech could have been.

While they thus stood hand in hand talking the curtain behind them partitioning off the long gallery parted and a dark face peered through. It was a man's face, handsome but cruel in that purple gloom of gathering shadow. It was no friendly face, either, that with its many changes of hate and jealous anger and furious despair seemed, while the lovers talked, to be playing a dark and stormy accompaniment to the idyl of their love.

A sudden angry burst of wind at the narrow window roused them unpleasantly to a sense of night and the nearing storm.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have that long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark!"

"Never mind!" cried Robert, stoutly. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not heed a passing touch of wind and water. I will see you to your door first, and then good-night."

"My cousin Conrad promised to come for me," Hester answered. "I wonder what detains him. It is too bad for me to take you all this long way out of your route."

"I like it better so," the young man said, gravely. "I do not like your cousin Conrad, and I am not willing to trust you to his care. Oh, my darling!" he went on, earnestly, "if my music but brings me fame and fortune I can then make you all my own, and there will be no more good-nights, no more partings in the storm for us."

They passed down the stairs and out into the street together, unconscious of the shadow closing upon them, nearer and blacker. At the door of Hester's home they parted with a lingering good-by.

"My precious music," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love and honor for thee and me, my darling."

Hester lifted a small wet face to peer into the gloom.

"I wish you could stay," she said. "And oh, Robert, be careful of the cliffs—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing that you are safe."

"Do!" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good-night, good-night, my sweetheart!" And so speaking he passed from her into the shadow of his awaiting doom.

After that night of storm the day dawned clear and cool. At St. Paul's the Choral Society, just then in first flush of enthusiasm over a new oratorio, gathered early. One—Two—Three! the great bells chimed the hours and the singers waited impatiently for their leader. Something had detained him most likely; he would come soon! Tha hour struck Four and he had not come, and Hester Heathersleigh, with a heart heavy as lead in her bosom, fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. "Oh, my God!" she cried, reckless of who might hear her. "He is dead. My Robert is dead! He has been lost in the cruel storm!"

Some one, pitying, touched her arm. It was her cousin, Conrad Charteris; he was looking down at her with a pale face—a face paler far than that which he had spied upon her yesterday from behind the gallery curtain. Her piteous cry had touched even his stony heart.

"Hush!" he whispered, "here is news from him—from Robert; come and hear what it is."

A note had been brought by a swift running messenger, and a shudder ran round the waiting circle of listeners when its contents were made known. It was signed by a leading physician of the city, and stated that Robert Field had been picked up that morning at the foot of the cliffs and taken home for dead. He was now, at the date of writing, lying in an insensible condition, and it was impossible to tell what the extent of his injuries were, or if there was any hope of his ultimate recovery.

A horror stricken silence followed the reading of the note, broken at last by a low, sobbing cry from Hester Heathersleigh's white lips.

"I must go to him—oh, I must go to him! Who will take me? You! you!" and she caught Conrad Charteris by the arm.

He shrank away from her with a gesture much as if she had pierced him with a knife. His black eyes dilated horribly.

"I? I go with you to see him?" he cried. "What are you thinking of? What do you take me for?" Then noting her astonished look he made a fierce struggle for composure; but his hands shook like withered leaves.

"Why do you wish to go to him?" he questioned angrily. "He would not recognize you—and it is no place for you! Let me take you home."

She snatched up her shawl and bound it with trembling fingers about her shoulders. "I tell you I shall go to him," she answered. "I was to have been his wife and, living or dead, my place is now by his side. You can come with me if you like!" And she flew down the steps.

It seemed an age to her, that short time she was on the road leading to the lonely house of Robert Field's widowed mother; and when at last, by dint of her prayers and tears, she was suffered to approach his bedside, she looked down on a very different Robert Field from the one with whom she had parted in such high hope the night before.

The bruises were chiefly about the head, the physician said gravely, and even if he recovered it was doubtful if his mind would ever be sound again. Hester heard him, and with a great sob fell on her knees by the bedside. Where now were the brilliant aspirations, the tender hopes, the gay courage and stout-hearted faith of one short day gone by? Lost! lost! Success so near to him, and yet to fail. Triumph so nearly won, and yet to pass by on the other side.

"Robert, O my Robert! Look up! Speak to me, or I, too, shall die!"

Ah! but love remained. Love unchanged and unfaltering. This then was left—the blessing of a love which believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things unto the end.

The drawn white face on the pillow did not change at Hester's cry, but under the half-closed lids the dull eyes gleamed feebly and the slender hand outside on the coverlet groped helplessly. Hester took his hand in hers and then, quick as lightning, by some strange, subtle instinct rather than by any demonstration of his, she felt that the poor, stricken senses were trying to break through the darkness that enveloped them and make their unknown want understood.

"Robert, Robert! what is it?" she cried. "What is it that you want to make us understand?"

The helpless movement of his lips, the helpless groping of his fingers, were enough to make one weep. Hester bent her ear to his mouth.

"What is it, Robert, dear? Tell me—what is it you want?"

The stiffened lips strove with a terrible effort to move, and this time one word was feebly articulated:

"Music!"

Hester looked up with a startled exclamation:

"Music! He calls for his music. Do you not hear? Where is it? Who knows about it? Is it lost?" she questioned eagerly.

Again that terrible attempt at speech. The dull eyes opened wide, the feeble fingers clenched themselves on Hester's hand, and, with a last mad effort of expiring desperate strength, he raised himself and shrieked:

"My music! Find it! Save it!" And then he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

"You have killed him," said the physician, angrily, and at the words Hester, with a moan, dropped down insensible.

Not dead! But when, after weeks and months of painful illness, he faced the world again, he looked like a shadow out of the past. But bent and aged, with scarred forehead and whitened locks, the wreck of his body was not the greatest evil that had befallen him; for of the brilliant genius of other days no vestige was left. Saddest of all, the miserable ghost of his lost hopes haunted him, and in the ruined chambers of his darkened intellect he was forever groping, trying to gather up the mystic chords of tuneful thought which no longer vibrated to his magic touch. The lost manuscript music had never been recovered, and though his feeble mind failed to take in the greatness of his loss, the shadow of something beautiful which was to have been, but, somehow, failed to be, lay on him, and gave his face a wistful look, which was sadder far in its mute endurance than any wail of speech could have been.

Music was to him now something akin to the sound of "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh."

One day in early spring he went to the church for the first time, leaning on Hester's arm. The old, familiar look of the place struck him forcibly and roused his dormant wits. He sat down to the organ and glided his hands over the keys; a few jangling, discordant chords followed, wandering and disconnected; then his face changed, and, with a terrible cry, he flung his head on his arms.

"Oh, Hester! tell me what is it I have lost? Sometimes I almost reach it—it is in my mind, something beautiful which I almost grasp, and then it eludes me and fades away. I have lost it now, Hester! Hester! take me home!"

She kissed him and soothed him with sweet womanly words, and when he was more composed she led him away.

Soon after that they were married. In vain Hester's friends threatened and opposed her. She was quietly determined.

"He loved me when friends and fortune smiled on him," she answered them. "He would have given me every great gift which the world was ready to bestow on him for love of his beautiful genius, and shall I desert him now when misfortune has overtaken him? Perhaps—oh, perhaps some time God may restore to him his lost mind." Tears filled her lovely, soft pathetic eyes. "If I dared to hope it—oh, if I but might hope for it, how willingly would I give my life to have it so."

The day before her wedding she received a visit from Conrad Charteris.

"It shall not be!" he cried out vehemently. "Do you recognize what you are doing? Why, you had better far die at once, for Robert Field is but little better than an idiot."

"And if he *were* an idiot," returned Hester, bravely hiding her hurt at the brutal words, "even then I would marry him. I love him, and if not one vestige of his glorious intellect remained I would be Robert Field's wife, and a proud one, too!"

"And, by God, I believe you would," answered Conrad, looking with a fond, mad longing into the small pale face, lifted so undauntedly to his dark gaze. "Hester, you will drive me mad. I would to heaven that Robert Field was dead. Why did he not die that night last winter?" and he struck his hand furiously on the table in a blind frenzy of despair.

"God knows it was from no lack of purpose in you that he did not die," retorted Hester, spiritedly.

She spoke at random, but Conrad shrank away with a white face. The idle words evidently hit him hard. They cut close and sharp as steel in their unexpected descent, and wheeling abruptly about he left her and did not seek her again.

They were married quietly, and after that, in the tender security of his modest home, under the fond and cherishing care of his wife, health and strength came slowly back to the shattered frame of Robert Field.

Slowly, too, out of the darkness he began to wrench, one by one, the secrets of his prisoned mind. Old melodies began to shape themselves under his touch, discordant and fragmentary at first, but gradually assuming symmetry and power.

"Not quite a wreck!" he would sigh, wistfully. "Some day some good genii will unlock my prison door and set me free."

In the child that was born to them, a beautiful boy who sang sweet music in every tone of his childish voice, his pride was great. He talked of him, listened to him, watched him, and dreamed of him, predicting a future of which Bertrand was to be the perfect flower, the very golden rose of joy. So the years passed, and sweet Hester Field's fair face grew heavenly beautiful to see, with its tired look of patient waiting. God only knows how her heart failed her now at times; or with what fierce power she wrestled with her growing doubts, and prayed for strength to help her bear this cross whose shadow fell even darker and deeper on her young life.

Had her love, then, been a sacrifice in vain?

But one day the answer came!

Returning one afternoon from a long walk, Robert Field stopped in the hall, spell bound by the triumphant strains of some new and beautiful melody floating through the rooms. His worn face flashed with the old light of inspired thought; his eyes dilated; his whole form shook with a mysterious emotion.

"What is it? what is it?" he asked of his wife, who came to meet him.

"Bertrand's music!" answered proud mother Hester. "He has been engaged with it a long time. He meant it to be a surprise to you."

Robert Field threw up his arm with a joyful cry.

"It is mine!—mine! My lost music!—the music I played for you that long forgotten day! Hark, Hester! do you not recognize it now? Oh! to think that it has slept so long and now comes back to me so fresh and fair. This is what I have missed out of my life! This is my treasure which was lost to me and now is returned to me after many years. Brought back by a little child! Our child, Hester! Oh, thank God for that!"

Rushing into the parlor he swept Bertrand from the stool, and, seating himself at the organ, with one powerful sweep of his hands over the keys, he summoned his God-given genius from the tomb of his youth and bade it stand resurrectionized in new life before him. On and on the music swept; not a note was lost; not a chord dropped out of the splendid work. Shockingly, exultantly the tones leaped forth. "and their name was called Wonderful." On! on! Up and up!

At last, from sheer exhaustion, the musician dropped to the floor, and lying there at Hester's feet he wept tears which were no shame to him.

"It is the very same!" he cried. "Bertrand has written it out note for note, a counterpart of my own work. Is it not an awful thing to think of! My own work, and yet his! Who but God can explain it. And oh, Hester! The darkness is all gone now! Let me thank God for that."

Then, wrapping his arms about her, Robert Field kissed his wife's pale face and kissed her tender mouth, her wavy hair, and her slim, pale faithful hands.

"My wife! my wife! Oh, what if your love had failed you, Hester? If, in those terrible first hours of my misfortune, your true heart had been one whit less true, then I should have been lying in my grave to-day, a broken and forgotten man!"

So fame and success in the later days of his life came, not unwelcomely, to Robert Field. The world welcomed his famous piece with none the less acclaim for its long delay, and for the strange story which accompanied it. One truth only concerning that fatal night Robert withheld—known alone to his faithful wife. But Conrad Charteris had long ago disappeared from the town, and was seen no more among them. So he and Hester buried the secret in their hearts, contented that it should be so—for God is his own avenger.

They had been taught a wonderful lesson, too, by One who, having lived on earth, knew what the full fruition of earthly life must be, and who gave, ere he passed away from among men, the crowning blessing of His wisdom in a last, new commandment—

Love ye one another!

A "mysterious" trunk arrived in St. Louis last week. The detectives seized it, and found in it a half dozen Limberger cheeses. No arrests.

THE PENNSYLVANIA IRON INTEREST.

Many Establishments Suspended----A Strike Impending.

The iron manufacturing interest of Pennsylvania, says a letter from Reading, is crippled, and over half the leading establishments are suspended, with another fourth getting ready to stop work. Fifty-three blast-furnaces have ceased production, the market is glutted and orders are scarce, while the outlook for a revival is discouraging. Prices have fallen, and the manufacture of rails, a most important branch of the trade, has almost entirely ceased. Notwithstanding this gloomy condition of the trade, the puddlers and workers are preparing for a war, and are rapidly convincing the members of the National Union of the necessity for demanding an advance of wages to the rates paid previous to the panic. A few days ago a general conference of representatives of the United Sons of Vulcan was held in Reading, at which the question of a strike was discussed, and the policy of the workers determined by the adoption of the following:

"We propose to go by market prices. If iron sells at $70 to $75 per ton, the boiling price shall be $6.75, helpers to be paid by the heat, 48 cents. When puddling is $5.75, no allowance to be received from the companies. If iron advances $5 per ton, the price for boiling shall be increased 25 cents. If there be a decrease in the prices, the puddling rates shall fall in proportion—all questions of differences to be settled by arbitration, the wages to be decided by the average price of iron during each preceding month. Pay-day shall be the third Saturday of each month."

This agreement, when signed by the officials of the Union and the companies, is to continue in effect until August, 1875. The iron-masters have determined not to accede to the proposition, and as the Union has a full treasury and the members who have work are bound to contribute to the support of those on a strike, a general conflict will probably grow out of the present complications. The trouble has already begun by the workers employed in several extensive furnaces and works situated in this portion and other parts of the State, demanding an increase of wages. At Reading the hands employed at Seyfort, McManus & Co.'s two establishments, and the Reading Hardware Company's works, have struck, and in a few days the disaffection is likely to become general. By reason of suspension of furnaces and rolling mills as the cause of the strike, fully 15,000 men are now idle throughout the State.

Lunar Investigations.

One of the most eminent German astronomers, Prof. Hansen, claims to have proved, by his investigations, that the hemisphere of the moon, which alone is visible to us, is nothing but a mountain range, raised twenty-nine miles above the average level of the moon's surface—that is, that the centre of gravity of the moon is not her geometrical centre, but twenty-nine miles on the opposite side of that centre.

According to this, the more solid part of the moon would be on the far side from the earth, and all that we see of her would be a bulging hemisphere, comparatively much less dense and weighty, projecting twenty-nine miles beyond the surface which the moon ought to show to us if the density were equal throughout; and if the hemisphere on this side, therefore, were uniform in weight and form with the hemisphere on the other side. Prof. H. supposes, in fact, that the moon turns a sort of tower of crusty, broken porous and therefore lighter substance to the earth, so that we see only an exaggerated Alpine or Andes region. If this theory be correct, the lunar atmosphere, if it exist at all, would certainly be attracted to the opposite or heavy side, and might well fail to be sensible at an elevation of twenty-nine miles.

A Hundred Years Ago.

It is one hundred years ago since the first settlement of Kentucky. In April, 1774, the terrible massacre of the Logan family by the Indians took place, and Daniel Boone, who hated the Indian as much as he relished the Indian life, was longing for revenge, when a messenger came riding down the valley of the Ohio with his steed in a foam; a messenger from the royal Gov. Dunmore, of Virginia, seeking one Boone, Daniel Boone, a woodman who had been in the West, to go westward to the falls of the Ohio, and conduct surveying parties and protect them as they went. Boone started on his perilous journey on the 6th of June, 1774, reached and reconducted the surveyors in safety to the settlements, the distance being 800 miles and the time two months. The Governor rewarded Boone by employing him on a larger scale for settling the West. James Harrod, the founder of Harrodsburgh, built the first house in what was then termed the West, a log cabin raised in the forest in April, 1774.

An Opinion as is an Opinion.

A highly respectable gentleman, rejoicing in the sounding name of George Edward Fitz-Augustus, visiting the Washington Market, a few days since, thus delivered himself to a fat countryman, whose stock of vegetables he had been busily investigating:—

"Are these good taters?"

"Yes, sir!" responded the countryman.

"A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inevitably bad unless it is invariably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of a tater. The exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while the interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends the article ob your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man ob probability in your transactions, I, widout any further circumlocutions, takes a bushel ob dat superior vegetable!"

Budding into Womanhood.

There is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth, commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her ardent, buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-drops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noontide, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, the night.

KISSING.—Helen Crager, an attractive young school teacher was kissed against her will by a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. She caused him to be arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and he was fined and discharged from his position. She then went for the railroad company, and has just recovered $1,000 damages, the Circuit Court of Sauk county, Wis., ruling as a matter of law that the company was liable to the plaintiff for the actual damage occasioned by the wrongful act of the conductor. Now let the railroad companies take warning, and employ no conductor of vehement osculatory propensities.

THE UNKNOWN DEATH.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Murder had been done in Philadelphia—or, at least, so it was supposed—and the papers were full of it. The journals were divided in opinion about the matter, some maintaining that it was a case of simple suicide, others inclining to the belief that there had been foul play, and still others arguing in favor of death from natural though unknown causes. Indeed, it would appear, at first sight, as if the latter were the true supposition, and the majority of superficial readers and thinkers who talked over the affair at home or in the streets the next day, seemed to have very little trouble in arriving at a like conclusion.

All that was known was this: an esteemed citizen—a man of wealth and high standing—had retired to rest the night before apparently in sound health and good spirits, and at two o'clock the following morning had been found dead in bed, without one visible mark of violence upon his person. His son, who had returned home from a pleasure party at that hour, had entered his father's chamber to deposit the front-door key there, and had made the horrible discovery. This young man, a steady, reliable and devout church member and Sabbath school teacher, had then aroused the house, and had communicated the ill tidings to the terror-stricken family.

At the coroner's inquest I was present, and there the son, after repeating substantially what has been said above, called the attention of the jury to the following additional and important facts: that on entering the chamber he had found everything undisturbed and as usual, that the bed-clothes even were not rumpled, and that the position of the deceased, as he lay, was so natural and easy that it was not until he had noticed the absence of the deep and regular breathing of the sleeper that he suspected, for an instant, that anything was wrong.

I was not on the jury, but was there at the request of the family, in my official capacity of murder-detective, and it is needless to say that I subjected the body and its surroundings to the closest scrutiny. I could discover nothing, however, that appeared in the least suspicious, or to warrant a supposition of foul play. The post-mortem examination failed equally to satisfy, and developed no indications of poison in the system; but one thing it did develop; and that was, that up to the time of death the internal organs of the deceased had all been in a state of healthy and vigorous action.

For once in my life I was at fault, and must confess that I did not know how to proceed; but still, for all the absence of proof, and the seeming regularity of things, I felt in me a deep mistrust that murder had been done in the premises and by no unskillful hand.

Whilst I was deliberating how to act, the son came over, and began a conversation. He talked on the all-absorbing topic of the moment, and was as nervous, restless, and agitated as man could be. We were walking rapidly up and down the chamber where lay the corpse, still fresh from the searching hands of the coroner's physician, and as we paused now and then to gaze in its pale, inanimate face, I remarked that my companion shook with a slight and well-defined tremor. I made a mental note of this, but at the same time did not attach much importance to it, as I considered it but the natural effect of the trying and painful scenes through which the son so recently passed, and whose recollection was refreshed by these momentary views of the dead. I did not, of course, for one moment imagine that the man at my elbow was a patricide, but a murder detective, from habit, is always on the alert, and as I had no clue whatever to follow in this matter, I was merely searching for one everywhere—that was all.

We continued our walk about the room.

"This affair passes my comprehension," said I.

"And mine also," said the son.

I was about taking my leave when a small piece of red rag on the floor, just under the edge of the bed, attracted my attention, and I stooped and picked it up.

The son observed my motions, and said:

"I wonder how that got there? I have the rest of that article in my drawer—it belongs to me!"

"Do you want the piece?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied; "but if *you* would like to have the remainder, I will get it for you."

He left me without waiting for any reply, and quickly returned with the rest of the handkerchief. He handed it to me and said as he did so:

"I am at a loss to conjecture who could have torn that handkerchief, for I thought it was safe in my apartment when I went out early in the evening.

I put the piece he gave me with the other I already had, and took my leave.

Once at home and in the solitude of my chamber, I sat down at my table and, with my face buried in both hands, fell to thinking and reasoning. I thought of the scene I had just left, and could not doubt that the verdict of the coroner's jury would be "death from causes unknown." I thought of the son and of his torn handkerchief, and I spread out the latter before me on the table, and fitted it to the portion I had found wet and limp under the bed of the deceased. Then I took the wet piece in my fingers and felt and looked at it. It did not seem to have been steeped in water, and to the touch it was just in the slightest way sticky. I further remarked that it had a very faint white tinge in spots, as if some kind of foam had recently been upon it. Just at that instant I caught sight of a paragraph in a daily paper lying in front of me, and mechanically read it.

The paragraph was as follows:

"A ghastly scientific discovery is reported from Turin, where Professor Casturini, the celebrated oculist, has found a way of killing animals by forcing air into their eyes a few seconds, and almost without causing pain. Experiments were recently made at the Royal Veterinary School, and it is said that they have fully proved the truth of the Professor's invention. Within the space of a few minutes four rabbits, three dogs and a goat were killed in this manner. The most remarkable fact is that the operation leaves absolutely no outward trace."

I started up instantly after having read this, and began rapidly to walk the room. I was flushed and agitated. Perhaps I had the key to the mystery I was searching to solve!

"Gracious!" I thought, "if this paragraph be true, might not the method of destruction be applied as fatally to man as to the inferior animals?"

I hurriedly returned to the house of death and rang the bell.

The son answered the summons in person.

He looked not a little surprised at my sudden return.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said I—I was quite cool and collected by this time—"I merely wish to make another examination of the chamber of the deceased."

He led me to it at once.

I again scrutinized the body, this time paying more attention to the face and head of the dead man.

There was absolutely nothing to be seen there that I had not seen before. I then pressed open the mouth slightly with my fingers, and, as I did so, felt, or fancied I felt, the same slight stickiness I had detected on the limp piece of handkerchief. I looked into the mouth, and nearly trembled for joy to see there the clearly-defined white tinge of dried foam!

For a moment I could hardly contain myself, and my heart beat so loudly that I was almost afraid my companion would hear it and grow alarmed.

However, I did control myself, and as soon as I could trust my voice, said:

"Is there no way by which this house might be entered except by the first story?"

"Oh, yes," returned the son, as composedly as ever, "there is a door in my apartment opening on an old, unused portico, but that has been locked and double-bolted all winter."

This observation was just what I wanted, for it pointed out to me a way to obtain a view of this man's private room, and that, too, without exciting the least suspicion.

"Will you let me see that door?" I asked.

"With the greatest pleasure," said he; "I have already examined it myself, and found it as secure as of old—but perhaps your more experienced eye may detect some sign there that has escaped me."

I followed him, and without the slightest hesitation he led me to his bed-chamber.

There was the door fastened as he had said, and I made a show of looking at it—but that was not what fascinated me and rivited my attention at once!

The walls were full of shelves, and the shelves were crowded with philosophical instruments!

I left the portico door finally, and as I was going, carelessly remarked:

"You seem to take an interest in science?"

"Why, yes," said he, smiling, "I do, and I flatter myself that few men here or elsewhere have a larger or better collection of apparatus than I have."

I had touched him on his particular vanity, and knew now that I might search unmolested, and not only that, but with his own proper aid, for the instrument of death.

I turned back, as I spoke, and picked up a pamphlet from the study-table in the centre of the room.

The book was written in the Italian language.

I have some slight knowledge of the tongue of modern opera, and I read on the title page that the work was one on the various modes of the destruction of animal life, and that it was by Casturini.

And Casturini was the name of the Professor spoken of in the newspaper paragraph.

I felt that I was working on the right track.

I laid down the volume and gradually turned the conversation to the subject of pneumatics, in the course of which I asked if my companion had Casturini's air-pump. He told me no, but that he had his air-syringe.

I asked to look at it.

For the first time the son turned on me a hurried glance of alarm.

But I managed to appear as if I suspected nothing—as if nothing more dangerous than love of science actuated me in my investigations.

And my companion was satisfied; for he at once produced the air-syringe.

It was a strange instrument; in shape it was like an ordinary syringe, such as is daily employed in medicine, only larger, perhaps twice as large as any of that kind I had ever seen. It was mounted on a stand of polished walnut, like an electric machine, and, indeed, looked like one—that is, a cyindrical one. It was furnished with a crank, by which it was worked, and had two large, funnel-shaped mouthpieces. These latter were not stationary, but could be moved—brought nearer together or more widely separated, as circumstances required.

This, then, was the instrument of death, and it performed its dread work silently and surely, and left no external trace.

I touched it with a feeling akin to horror, and asked:

"Has this no other use than to deprive animals of life?"

"None," was the smiling response.

"Can you operate it?"

"Better than any I ever met."

I was standing facing this man as he made this boast.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

He started and seemed not to know what to make of my conduct.

"Your crime is discovered, sir!" said I, sternly. "You are a patricide, and I arrest you for the murder of the man who lies in the other chamber!"

His face turned fairly purple with rage and fear, and then grew inky black.

He sat down in the chair without a word.

His courage, and above all things, his incomparable audacity, had altogether abandoned him at this terrible crisis!

I spoke to him again and again several times, but could get no answer.

Then I rang the bell and sent for the coroner's physician.

He came, looked at the man still sitting on the chair, speechless and black in the face, and shook his head.

"This man has lost his reason!" were his fearful words. "What has caused it?"

I told him, and showed him Casturini's air syringe.

We took our prisoner into custody and conveyed him, in a close carriage, to the police station.

The ride somewhat restored him, but he was still altogether overwhelmed and crushed.

We left him in a cell and went our various ways.

In the morning I was the first to call to see him.

The officer in charge told me he had been up the greater part of the night, and was then sleeping.

I waited half an hour, and then, in company with the doctor, who had by that time arrived, went to the cell.

The man was there on the bed, lying in his shirt and pantaloons, with his face downward, and motionless.

The doctor touched him—he was cold and stiff. The parricide was dead.

By his side lay a paper, crushed and rumpled, as if in his last agonies he had endeavored to tear it up.

I took it and read, written in lead pencil, the following:

"The shrewdness of the detective has been too much for me. It was night when I did it, and I fancied the means put it beyond reach of discovery. I was mistaken, and I pay the penalty of that mistake freely now. That doctor is a shrewd practitioner. A man does not counterfeit madness with him with impunity. Had he been as wise in his way as the detective was in his, the law would not have been cheated of its prey. I had my reasons for the deed, fully as potent as those I have for this."

Here followed the signature of the suicide, traced in a full, bold hand.

I turned to the physician and the officer who were with me, and had read the letter over my shoulder.

I must confess that I think my face showed triumph—triumph at having succeeded in tracking and taking a criminal so adroit and calculating—and possibly I had some good ground for being elated.

I did not ask the family of the murdered man for a reward, but I carried away the air syringe, and I have it to this day. I have made repeated experiments with it since it came in my possession, and each succeeding one but convinces me the more of its deadly and dangerous character.

There is another thing I must say before I close, and that is this: I have solved the mystery of that limp piece of handkerchief I found on the day I undertook the investigation of the affair I have just been speaking of: it was employed by the murderer to repress and keep back the slight foam that always flies from the mouth of the subject whenever submitted to the action of the syringe.

I look back upon this adventure now as one of the most important events in my career, and I take pride in telling it over and over again. It shows what science is connected with the detection of crime, and it also shows from what a slight link a massive chain of conclusive evidence may be forged. I say I look back to it with pride, and I can only hope that an intelligent public will hear and approve my recital—the story of the UNKNOWN DEATH.

The Moravians.

The Moravian Church, says an exchange, was first established in this country by a colony of the "United Brethren" from Hermhut, in Saxony. This colony went to Georgia in 1735, but being opposed to bearing arms against the Spaniards in Florida, with whom five years after war was declared, they removed to Nazareth, on the Delaware River, and in 1741, having purchased five hundred acres on the Lehigh River, commenced the settlement, to which at Christmas of that year Count Zinzendorf gave the name of Bethlehem.

It became a great centre of missionary enterprise among the German settlers and Indians. With the latter the Moravians were very successful, but the various wars and the action of unscrupulous whites at last put an end to the good work in Pennsylvania, as the same influences have done ever since in other parts of our country.

The Moravian religion is a simple form of Christianity. It originated in the appearance of some persecuted Waldenses (exiles from Piedmont) in Bohemia and Moravia, A. D. 1176. From that time till the establishment of the church in America, the Moravians were subject to the persecutions of the Roman Catholics.

The service of the Moravian Church is impressive, accompanied by much singing, and the occasional addition of string and wind instruments to the organ accompaniment. The congregation rises in prayer. The funeral ceremonies are peculiar. When a Moravian dies the trombone-players give funeral marches and hymns from the church steeple. By the music the initiated can tell if the deceased be male or female, old or young, etc. At the graveyard, after services in the church, the trombones head the funeral procession, playing, and accompany the singers in the services at the grave.

On Easter morning special services are held at daybreak in the grave-yard, at which the trombones assist. These instruments also announce from the steeple the lovefeasts, of which there are some for the brothers, the single sisters, the children, etc., and others to which all are invited. At such times the old church kitchen is in requisition, and buns and hot coffee distributed, with appropriate services.

The borough of Bethlehem is pleasantly situated on the Lehigh at its junction with the Monocacy, a small but picturesque stream which rises in the Blue Ridge.

There is much that is quaint and interesting in the old buildings and institutions of the Moravians, although the flavor of exclusiveness has passed away, and the march of improvement is gradually destroying the antique.

Churches of various denominations lift their spires above the embowered streets and houses, where forty years ago only Moravian doctrine was allowed. The establishment of the Bethlehem Iron Works, the Lehigh University, the Zinc Works, and of the depots of three railroads, has materially interfered with the former exclusiveness of the sect, while adding immensely to the prosperity and resources of the borough.

The dialect called Pennsylvania Dutch is still in common use. There are many people living in the neighboring farming districts whose parents were born in this country, but who can not speak English. These American descendants of the early Moravian settlers maintain the charming simplicity of manners by which their ancestors were marked in the Old World. They are temperate, virtuous, and industrious. To visit their village is like going into a new world, whose inhabitants are totally different from ourselves in manners and customs; but they can hardly be expected to maintain this Arcadian simplicity.

Household Economy.

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good-for-nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about love and devotion.

Advertising Lotteries.

Murat Halstead, editor of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Thomas Proctor charging him with publishing in *The Commercial* an advertisement of the grand gift concert of Leavenworth, Kansas, thereby violating the laws of the State of Ohio. It should be remembered that the statutes of many of the States make it an indictable offense for a newspaper publisher to insert an advertisement for a lottery. In this case the complaint is supposed to have been made by persons connected with the Louisville Library Lottery, *The Commercial* having published what it termed "an exposition of a swindle."

MEAT BISCUIT.—A new form of biscuit for troops was used in the Russian campaign against Khiva with very satisfactory results. This was composed of one-third rye flour, one-third beef reduced to powder, and one-third of pulverized sauerkraut. Great relish for the food and excellent health of those who used it were characteristic of the Russian soldiers throughout the campaign.

A Saccharine Family.

There was a "candy-pulling" at Mr. Coville's residence the other evening. There were some forty people present, and they made a jolly occasion of it. Every one in attendance was pleased with the cordial welcome and assiduous attention given by Mr. and Mrs. Coville. And indeed that worthy couple did show a thorough appreciation. Mrs. Coville may perhaps have winced a little when some facetious member of the party threw a two-pound hunk of the candy on the stovepipe and roared to see it trickle down, and Mr. Coville may have looked thoughtful a moment on discovering a pan of dripping molasses on the keyboard of the piano, but they entered into the amusement with hearty good will, and when the guests departed at 2 A. M., it was with the unanimously expressed conviction that nobody ever had a better time, and that the Covilles were the sweetest people of their acquaintance. In another and less agreeable sense they certainly were. When the visitors were gone, the Covilles took a glance over their parlor, sighed audibly, put out the lights, and went to bed.

With the unrelenting light of day upon the rooms, the Covilles appeared to the best advantage as a very sweet family. Mr. Coville went down-stairs in his stocking-feet, and as

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 7,, 1874.

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And now, (April 29) Brown, in his Republican reads Grant out of the party for vetoing the inflation bill.

Bill Brown has read out of the republican party, the following persons, for reasons appended: Beaver, Blanchard, Shortledge, Furst, et al, for selling his printing office; Gov. Hartranft for appointing Judge Orvis, and President Grant for vetoing the inflation bill. This leaves the radical party composed about as follows: Bill Brown and a darkey somewhere down south.

Bogus Bill Passing.

An attempt to pass an important tax bill for Philadelphia, was attempted in the House at Harrisburg the other day. When the vote was had the speaker announced the bill passed. A democratic member, Mr. Stranahan, had kept close tally and instead of the bill having one majority as announced, Mr. Stranahan found it was a tie, by which the bill would fall, and he called the attention of the House to the fraud. The thing was done by some one voting for Mr. Ash who was absent—some one played the personating game, so well known to Philadelphia politicians. An investigation proved Mr. Stranahan's tally correct.

A few days after, on the 30 ult., the following proceedings took place in the House relative to this personation:

Mr. Porter rose to a question of privilege and asked to have read the following statement in the Patriot of this morning:

"There is at least one able-bodied repeater in the republican delegation from Philadelphia. In voting for Mr. Ash he was only keeping his hand in."

"The question before the house is, who voted in the name of Joey Ash? If discovered will not the perpetrator of this fraud be liable to punishment for violating the laws against false personations?"

He then said it was currently reported that he was the member who had voted in Mr. Ash's name. The statement was false, wicked and malicious. He had never voted for Mr. Ash, but had simply told Mr. Allen, of Warren, as he was passing out the door not to forget to vote, and he was under the impression that Mr. Allen had voted by mistake for Mr. Ash.

Mr. Allen, of Warren—I remember I was standing near the door talking when the vote referred to was being taken. I remember Mr. Porter's reminding me not to forget to vote. I answered as I thought to my own name, and I only intended to vote once. I did not hear Mr. Porter vote as he went out.

Mr. Stranahan—I was the person who made the statement that Mr. Porter had voted in Mr. Ash's place. When the yeas and nays were being taken, I was interested and I was watching. I was looking in the direction of the gentleman from Warren (Mr. Allen) when Mr. Ash's name was called. A gentleman was going out the door at the time who turned around and answered. I called Mr. Crawford's attention to it, and asked him if the gentleman with sandy hair and complexion was Mr. Ash. He said it was Mr. Porter, I know Mr. Allen's voice; it was not he who answered. I may be mistaken, but I honestly think it was Mr. Porter who voted for Mr. Ash.

Mr. Porter—One question, Does the gentleman say I voted for Mr. Ash?

Mr. Stranahan—I honestly think so.

Mr. Porter—Then I again repeat that the statement is false, wicked and malicious.

Several other statements on both sides were made in regard to the matter and it was finally dropped.

The governor of South Carolina on the 12th of April, 1874, pardoned twenty-seven convicts out of the penitentiary because the state was too poor to keep them. They marched in a body to the state house and asked for relief. The state, it will be remembered, has been bankrupted and impoverished by carpet-bag rule.

STATE SINGING PROFESSOR.

A bill has been passed by the Legislature, says the *Columbian*, requiring the appointment of an additional Deputy Superintendent of Schools for the state whose business is to be to visit the various schools and give instruction in singing! Next in order will be a professor of ball playing, and then a Deputy to superintend whistling schools. There never will be an end to Legislative tomfoolery until the people see the necessity of electing none but men of great ability and unquestioned integrity as governors, and altogether a more sober-minded and solid set of men as Legislators. We put it to the common sense of any man, what can be more absurd than a State Professor of singing, going around amongst 2,000 schools, ostensibly giving lessons in singing—in fact squalling a few newly fashioned songs into the ears of gaping children.

Arkansas continues in a ferment, and both parties are still armed and evidently eager for the fray. The President still refuses to interfere, and the only way to end the disgraceful quarrel is through the Legislature. It is more than probable that that body will take sides as warmly as the militia seems to have done.

Our special despatches from Washington, says the *Press*, gives the leading features of the new financial bill prepared by the Senate Finance Committee. The date fixed for the resumption of specie payments will most probably be 1878; free banking is provided, greenbacks redemption to the extent of 80 per cent., and the abolition of the reserve on national bank circulation. Our correspondent doubts the success of the bill or of any legislation on the subject at this session.

A crowd witnessing a row in Detroit was dispersed by the announcement that "a collection would now be taken up for a poor widow."

Irenacus, in the N. Y. Observer, in an article on preaching, headed "Too Loud and Too Long," says with reference to the latter:

The other part of the promise—"too long"—the space left in this letter is too short to discuss. The bishop did not tell the young men how long is too long, and I presume he did not know himself. Probably nobody knows. What is "too long" in one preacher is "very short" for another. And vice versa. Many bestow the more abundant time on the parts that are least deserving, and spin out a discource to forty-five minutes, that was done and well done at thirty. Many an audience has been preached into a good frame, and then out of it, in the same sermon. It is better to send the people away craving for more, than satiated to disgust with too much, even of a good thing. If great preachers are sometimes long preachers, it is not true that length is essential to greatness. "If I never did a great thing," said a preacher, "I am sure I never did a long one." "Short, sharp, and decisive," is the demand of the human mind in the attitude of receiving instruction. It is enough for the servant to be as his master, and our Master's sermons were not long. Paul was once so long preaching, that one of his hearers got asleep from sheer weariness, fell out of a third story window and was killed. The best models we have, of pulpit eloquence, encourage young preachers to be short. As preachers become older they generally preach longer sermons. This is one of the chief reasons why a people grow weary of their pastor as he becomes aged. If he shortened his sermons as he grows in wisdom and grace, packing what he has to say in fewer and better words, they would like him more instead of less. Short sermons would thus lengthen the life, usefulness, and pastorate of the minister.

The new financial policy is probably foreshadowed in the following paragraph from the special correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun*:

The senate finance committee held a meeting to-day for the purpose of maturing a new financial bill. The new bill, it is understood, will contain certain features of the old bill originally reported from the committee, with a number of important additions. Among these will be more definite provisions for free banking and redemption. The committee will hold another meeting to-morrow, and will hear the views of several of the leading senators who voted for the currency bill lately vetoed. The free banking section in the new bill the committee agreed to-day should provide for a retirement of forty per cent. of legal tenders in proportion as the volume of the banking currency is increased until the aggregate amount of legal tenders outstanding is diminished to $300,000,000. The fixing of a time for specie resumption will be considered to-morrow, and three or four years hence agreed upon. The house currency bill will not be reported. The committe have assurances that the house will probably accept free banking, with other provisions contemplated in the new bill.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1874.

A full meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee was held here this evening, Dr. Nebinger presiding.

A resolution was offered and adopted, fixing Wednesday, August 26th as the day for the State Convention.

Pittsburg was unanimously agreed upon as the place for holding the same.

From Baltimore comes an account of a shocking case of brutality committed on a negro boy named James Henry Woodley, aged fifteen years, in Howard county, by two negro men. On the twentieth of April, according to Woodley's statement, the two men, without provocation, scarred and branded his body and limbs in the most cruel manner with a red-hot iron, and afterwards poured spirits of turpentine over his naked body and lower limbs and set him on fire. In this condition he escaped from his persecutors and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, in what manner he is scarcely able to tell. His back and legs were roasted to a crust, and his recovery is doubtful. It is reported that the parties perpetrating the outrage have been arrested.

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS AFLOAT ON A CAKE OF ICE.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following, and vouches for its accuracy:

On the last day of March, a man named Patrick Ryan, of Maitland, N. S., was walking along the shores of Minas Basin, on the board ice, which extended some yards from the banks, when suddenly the piece upon which he was walking became detached and he drifted out to sea. This occurred some time in the forenoon. After drifting about all night, exposed to the severity of the weather, which it will be remembered was very severe, he was sighted off Diligence river the following morning. An attempt was made to proceed to his rescue, but, as always happens in such cases, not a boat could be found in which it was safe to leave the shore. The wind blowing a gale at the time, the man drifted out of sight in a short time. During the night the wind veered round and the unfortunate man was blown back in the direction from which he had come. He describes his sufferings from exposure and hunger, during this time, as beyond description. His frail bark was slowly but surely growing smaller before his eyes, while the waves dashed over it, deluging him almost every minute, and thus added to the miseries of his condition. He dare not sit down lest he might fall asleep, from which he well knew he would never awake. It was only by the most superhuman effort that he succeeded in keeping awake, and from constantly changing his position, managed to keep himself from perishing with cold. On the morning of the fourth day he was finally sighted again, although nearly in an insensible condition.

Our correspondent does not say where the man was brought ashore, or by whom, but states that he soon recovered from the effects of his novel and dangerous voyage.—*St. John Telegraph.*

The Centennial appropriation bill has now passed both branches of the Legislature and awaits the Governor's approval.

The amount appropriated is one million dollars. Congress has not yet passed the bill appropriating three millions for the same purpose.

At Hudson, N. Y., Charles Ernst, the officer whom Waltz, the day before his execution, was thought to have murdered, has recovered sufficiently to be removed to his residence.

THE ROMANCE OF CRIME.

JAMES SAEGER BROUGHT TO JUSTICE FOR STEALING $500,000 SIX YEARS AGO—HE CONFESSES THE CRIME, BUT REFUSES TO RETURN THE MONEY.

In the early part of 1868 five men living at Saegerstown, Pa., entered the house of a Mr. Bennehoff, a wealthy gentleman, at Petroleum Centre, and compelled him to deliver up the key to one of his safes, in which he kept a large sum of money. The robbers secured over $500,000, and made good their escape. Two of them were afterwards arrested and convicted, and were sent to the Penitentiary. Two others were never heard from, but one, James Saeger, has been followed by detectives ever since. The money was secreted, but before the time appointed for a division of the spoils Saeger stole the entire sum, and fled. Mr. Bennehoff offered $100,000 for his arrest and conviction. After a search of six years, the outlaw has at last been arrested, and is now secure in the county jail at Denver, Colorado. The story of his capture is related in the Denver News, from which it appears that he was recognized by Mrs. Potter, into whose husband's restaurant he had gone to get some oysters. She called him by name, and he confessed his identity. Her husband recognized him also, and though he had once adopted the outlaw as his son, he was ready to bring him to justice because of some outrage he had perpetrated upon a relative. By following the advice of detectives his arrest was finally made, and he confessed everything. From his own account it appears that he became a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers after the robbery and then went to Mexico. From there he passed into Texas and engaged in the cattle business for three years. Starting North with a drove of cattle he made his way to Denver and into the hands of the law. He says he intended to repay Mr. Bennehoff, but has met with too many reverses to do so. The stolen money, he says, is where it can never be found.

IN LIMBO.

The editor of the Huntingdon Globe was last week convicted of libeling a certain Dr. Brumbaugh, and sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, a fine of $150 and undergo 40 days imprisonment. He now writes his editorials in prison, John Bunyan like. This conviction is the result of our infamous libel law, which will not permit the editor of a newspaper to prove what he states is true, but the reverse; "The greater the truth the greater the libel." The editor, Prof. A. L. Guss, in one of his prison epistles says:

"The whole matter grew out of and constitutes part and parcel of the series of devilish persecutions to which I have been subjected by the minions of John Scott, and which he vainly supposes will enhance his political prospects.

If any man, in the State, was ever hounded, traduced, abused, falsely accused and villainously lied upon, as I have been, I have never heard or read his name. If the people of this county will stand this outrage to be inflicted upon one of her unoffending citizens, and not resent it at the polls next fall, we are much mistaken in their temper.

There is no man living who has suffered half what we have to undergo that would not long ago have settled matters in a summary way—seeing that in this county a Court of Justice is a Court of John Scott's partizans for Jurors.

We were not allowed to give the truth in evidence, nor to show that what we did was for the public good. The letter of the law was enforced and technically the Jury could not well avoid the verdict. But the sentence of the Court, to gratify the Scott Ring I regard as shameful in the extreme. May God and the people visit upon my persecutors the trouble and infamy they have sought unjustly to heap upon me.

I rely upon the common sense of justice in the masses of the people to condemn this outrage and stamp with infamy the perpetrators.

For four months my business has had to be neglected. Thousands of dollars have been literally *stolen* from me, all my business affairs in chaos, property going to destruction, and daily great losses are entailed upon me for want of personal attention. Yet I am to be here 40 days to add to my losses, and gratify the "spite and hate" of "bitter and unrelenting enemies." People of Huntingdon county, when you learn of this outrage on me, my wife, my children, my property, register your vows in Heaven, that retribution must overtake the perpetrators. The fiends of hell never exceeded the John Scott Ring in unjust, infamous persecutions.

HOW A WIFE PLOTTED TO GET RID OF HER HUSBAND—THE DAUGHTER'S WARNING.

Bathurst, N. B., April 30.—Gallian, who murdered Poulin in Caraquet, has made a confession. He says he was incited to the act by Poulin's wife, who importuned him to kill her husband that they might be married. The night before the murder she sharpened a knife and gave it to him, telling him to be on the lookout for her husband when he went to the woods for rails the next day. He promised to do so, and secreted the knife on his person. When he met Poulin in the woods the next day, he said: "Poulin, I am going to kill you." His victim, on bended knees, implored him for time to confess to his priest, when he would be willing to be killed at any time, or would leave the country. While Poulin was in this suppliant attitude the prisoner struck him on the head with a stick, stunning him, and finished his bloody work with an axe. Poulin's daughter testified at the inquest that her mother went to Gillian's bed one night and told him that her husband was asleep in the next room, and there would be a good chance to kill him, but that she awakened and warned her father, and prevented the carrying out of the design.

The *Southern Churchman* charges the managers of the Virginia Bible Society with spending sixty per cent. of all its receipts to pay agents. Every bible it gives to the destitute is given at an expense of $2.09. These figures are disputed, but the *Southern Churchman* affirms that they are correct, and calls for a reform in the management.

Intelligence has reached Constantinople that a famine prevails in Asia Minor, and that many persons are starving. It is stated that in the town of Angora alone one hundred deaths occur daily from starvation. The river Tigris is again swollen by heavy rains, and further floods are apprehended.

WALTZ, THE CONDEMNED CATSKILL MURDERER, COMMITS ANOTHER DREADFUL DEED ON THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION—HIS KEEPER KILLED IN HIS SELL.

Hudson, April 30.—Joe Waltz, the murderer, who is to be hanged at Catskill to-morrow, killed his keeper, Charles Ernst, in his cell at 3 P. M. to day, by striking him on the head with a piece of iron, smashing in his skull. During the past week Ernst had guarded Waltz in his cell in order that he should commit no injury to himself. The murder to-day had been committed some time before it was discovered. George Olney, with a reporter, went to see Waltz, and called for Ernst, but no answer being returned, they looked through the cell door and saw him lying on the floor unconcious. The officer's revolver was found on the person of Waltz. The victim lived only fifteen minutes after medical aid was summoned.

The prisoner manifested a stolid indifference as to his horrible crimes. The excitement at Catskill is intense, and at least two thousand people are collected around the jail, threatening to break down the doors and lynch the prisoner. The sheriff is cool and determined to maintain order and carry out the sentence. If the mob does not take the offair off his hands Waltz will be hanged at 1 P. M. to-morrow. The Governor has been appealed to, and two companies of militia have been ordered to proceed from Albany to Catskill forthwith.

EXECUTION OF WALTZ.

Hudson, May 1.—Joseph Waltz was hanged in the Catskill jail yard to day. He appeared perfectly stolid on the scaffold. His neck was not broken, but after hanging fourteen minutes he was pronounced dead. His father witnessed the execution, and took possession of the body. The Catholic church refused him burial, and the body will be interred on the Waltz farm to-night.

The Spanish government is sanguine that Bilbao will be relieved by Marshal Serrano's army within a week.

Five hundred Republican soldiers, wounded in the recent engagements with the Carlists before Bilbao, have arrived at Santander. Information has been received of the defeat, in the province of Tarragona, of a body of Carlists, two thousand strong, by a force of National troops numbering only nine hundred men. The Republicans have lately defeated and dispersed several bands of Carlists in Arragon and Albacete.

THE SPRING CROPS.

Indianapolis, May 3.—The following is a synopsis of the leading information furnished yesterday by the *National Crop Reporter*. The unusual backwardness of the season has delayed very much all kinds of spring work, and at the date of the last full reports, prepared April 15, there had been practically no seeding at all in Minnesota, and but little ploughing in Wisconsin. At the date mentioned, about 40 per cent. of the estimated area had been sown in wheat, and but little over one fourth in oats. The average area sown in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Wisconsin was 87 per cent, of the estimated probable total, 62 per cent. in oats, and 30 per cent. in potatoes. The prospects of the fruit crop to date are of the most encouraging character, and the reported damage by frost, excepting in a portion of Maryland and Delaware, is inconsiderable.

WARRANTS TO SURVEY VACANT LANDS.

The governor has signed an act relative to the issuing of warrants to survey vacant lands, which provides that every applicant for a warrant to survey any of the vacant lands of this commonwealth shall produce to the surveyor general a particular description of the land applied for, with an affidavit of a disinterested witness, made before a justice of the peace of the township or borough in which the land applied for or the greater portion of it is situate, or if there be no justice of the peace in such township or borough, before a justice of an adjoining township or borough, specifying whether the said land be improved or not, and if improved how long since the said improvement was made, that interest may be charged as now provided by law. The applicant for such warrant shall declare, upon oath or affirmation, before a justice of the peace of the township or borough in which the land or the greater portion of the same is situate, or if there be no justice in such township or borough, before a justice of an adjoining township or borough, that he verily believes that no warrant or other office right has previously issued for such land, or if one has issued, after giving full particulars in relation thereto, shall depose that he verily believes it has been abandoned; and if at any time thereafter it shall appear that the person or persons deposing as aforesaid, or any of them, shall knowingly have sworn falsely, such person or persons shall suffer all the pains and penalties of perjury.

Sec. 2. No warrant shall issue for any tract or piece of land on which settlement is made, or which may be either in whole or in part cleared and fenced, or otherwise improved, used or occupied and held by defined boundaries, unless to such person or persons, respectively, who have made the settlement, clearing, fencing or improvement, their legal representatives or assigns, upon proof of ownership of such settlement or improvement right, and if any warrant shall issue otherwise than as aforesaid it shall be void: *Provided*, That this section shall not apply to abandoned improvements.

Sec. 3. Every applicant for a warrant to survey vacant land shall, after filing his or their application for such warrant, and depositing the amount of the purchase money and fees with the surveyor general, give at least thirty days' notice of the filing of said application, with a full description of the land as set forth in the application by publication, once a week for three successive weeks, in one or more newspapers of the county in which the land is situate and nearest its location, and shall furnish proof that such notice has been given before a warrant shall issue. *Provided*, that if any caveat or caveats shall have been entered against issuing such warrant, the same shall not issue until directed by the board of property; and if the board of property, after a hearing upon a citation issued in pursuance of any caveat, shall decide against issuing the warrant, the purchase money shall be returned to the applicant.

Sec. 4. This act shall not apply to applications for warrants filed with the surveyor general before its passage.

ARE YOU AWARE OF IT.

Common Table Salt is a compound substance of which Chlorine and Sodium are the elements. Chlorine is a poisonous gas, which if inhaled produces choking and death. A tablespoonful of salt contains enough poison to kill a dozen persons. In combination with sodium this gas forms one of the most useful and healthful condiments, salt.

The piece of Chalk which the school boy holds in his hand at the black-board, contains enough poison to kill him; it is Carbonate of Lime, that is Carbonic Acid and Lime. Carbonic Acid when liberated and inhaled is a deadly poison, when taken into the stomach it is healthful.

If the proportion of Oxygen in the air were increased, the air would become inflammable, the first match lit would cause the general conflagration of the "last great day." Even if the proportion of oxygen remained the same, and the hydrogen of the air were liberated and a spark of fire came in contact with it, the same direful consequence would ensue.

If the quantity of oxygen in the air we breathe were double, we would constantly inhale the gas now administered to the persons who have their teeth extracted without pain, we would be insensible to pain and suffering, and would be intoxicated constantly.

If the earth or one of the heavenly bodies were thrown from their orbit but a hand's breadth, if a pound weight of matter were added to, or taken from the earth, or one of the heavenly bodies, there would be "a crash of matter and a wreck of worlds," the consequences would be incalculable, the effect irremediable.

Think of this, Christian reader, and exclaim, "how marvelous are thy works, O Lord, God, Almighty, in wisdom thou hast made all things!"

CITIES OF THE PAST.

Some graphic letters have lately appeared in the N. Y. *Times*, descriptive of a journey in South America—the land of perpetual verdure—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by way of the Amazon mountains. Referring to a railway journey in Northern Peru, of some sixty miles, the last stage of a four months tour, the writer says:—"The valleys through which we passed bore unmistakable evidence of having once been the seat of a high order of civilization. At present it is but an arid desert. The sides of the mountains, from the base to the highest altitudes, are terraced, and the ancient gardens are everywhere distinguishable. At times we passed through ruins of cities that have contained a population greatly exceeding anything we now hear of. For miles we observed these ruins on either side, stretching away to the very foot of the mountains, where the terracing immediately commenced and was carried to the very summits. The land must at some remote period, anterior to the time of the Incas, have been occupied by a race both industrious and civilized.

Who they were, whence they came, and whither they have gone, is a mystery into which, up to the present time, but few have attempted to penetrate. There is an abundance of material in the country upon which the ordinary traveller could found the wildest theories, but from which the archæologist could extract much of value and interest both to science and mankind in general. Prof. Orton will be the first who has made any personal study of this subject in Northern Peru, and to his forthcoming work we may look with a great deal of interest." Again, in summarizing his travels, the writer observes: "We had been four months, all but a few days, in crossing from ocean to ocean. Although fraught with many trials and sufferings, we shall never look back to the trip with regret, and the memory of these romantic and lazy hours which we spent in the Brazilian forests, and in paddling about the Iganayes of the mighty river, will ever be to us an endless source of pleasure and enjoyment. No poet has sung of their wondrous beauty and grandeur, nor has any artist attempted to place them on canvas, but throughout our lives we are confident that the memory of those hours and days will ever remain as green and fresh as though it were but yesterday that, reaching the Pacific, we felt that at last our work was accomplished—that our wanderings had ceased."

FIGHT WITH HORSE-THIEVES

Little Rock, April 27.—At Boughton, on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad, 100 miles below this city, fifteen citizens followed a gang of horse-thieves on Sunday morning last. They got into a fight with the thieves and killed three of them and lost one of their own men by being killed and another wounded.

The murderer of the Hammet family, near Homestead, Pennsylvania, was arrested Friday night in Allegheny City. He gave his name as Mentzing, and made a full confession of his guilt. He says he killed the Hammets with an axe, his object being to get their money, believing a large sum was in the house.

At the last Huntingdon, Pa., court eight sentences on whiskey cases were imposed, aggregating forty days' imprisoment and $600 fine.—"Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard."

GOLGOTHA IN AFRICA.

In writing of the horrible scenes he saw in the vicinity of Coomassie, which the British army reached in its late Africa Expedition, Mr. Stanley in his letter to the N. Y. Herald, describes the place of the dead, where human sacrifices and executed persons are cast. He says:

Just at sunset I went to see Sammenne, or the Golgotha, the stench from which pervaded every nook and cranny in Coomassie, and made it appear as though we dwelt in a charnel house. The Golgotha was the dense grove, which, projecting almost into the heart of the city, appeared the very fittest place for a cemetery, were not the grove and child or swamp objectionable from a sanitary point of view. A little narrow path leading through a maze of tall grass and dense growth of cane, which grew on the edge of the grove from the foot of the great market place, brought us, after traversing 100 feet or so, into a glade, where the quantity of dead bodies thrown in had killed the undergrowth, and revealed the most appalling sight that can be imagined We had entered the place with our hands kerchiefs to our nose to prevent suffocation, for the odor was intolerable, but as the foul smell penetrated the folds of our handkerchiefs we could only remain long enough to assure ourselves that the wholesale butchery of humanity was real, and not a sport or freak of our fancy. Right at our feet, as we emerged before the hideous scene, where twenty or thirty

Dead Bodies

of men and women, which had been dragged hither after decapitation. There was only one body—that of a boy eleven or twelve years old—which showed that decapition was not the only means of inflicting capital punishment or sacrificing human beings to feticism, and this boy had evidently perished from strangulation. These dead bodies in the early stages of decay rested upon untold strata of human relics, of skulls, thigh bones, ribs and vertebra. I say untold strata intentionally for the reason that, ever since the city of Coomassie was founded, in the eighteenth century, this portion of the grove has been the receptacle of the hundreds of victims slaughtered annually for the observance of the cruel customs imposed upon the natives by their abject and pitiful superstition. Bowdich mentions that in 1817 the place was crowded with relics of mortality. Remember then, that at the rate of 1,000 unfortunate slaves sacrificed every year, a period of fifty-seven years which has transpired since Bowdich visited Coomassie, there have been 57,000 victims slaughtered at the bloody footstool of fetichism! It has been repeated over and over to us that the people of Coomassie slaughtered a thousand men and women slaves annually for the observance of their customs. M. Bonar, a French captive lately released, says he saw about 300 killed in one day. So that the enormous number of 57,000 is only a moderate estimate of the victims which have been dragged into this grove to bleach and rot during fifty-seven years. We cannot, then, be very far wrong if we compute the dead which have been thrown into this grove since the accession of Sy Tutu to the throne of Ashantee, in the eighteenth century, at about 120,000

Strata of Slain Bodies.

And here they line, strata upon strata of human dust, from victims hurled in each day—sometimes one, sometimes a dozen, sometimes 300—relics of humanity scattered by the thousands, nay, tens of thousands, as if the negroes of Central Africa had been specially born for the observance of Ashantee ceremonies and to pander to the lust of murder inherent in the souls of this cruel, fratrical race.

Horrible and More Horrible.

I hurried away from a scene which baffles description, which eclipsed that most awful sight the incarnate fury of the Emperer Theodore had prepared for us below the cliffs of Magdala, in Abyssinia.

THE CREMATION QUESTION.

The question of the disposition of the dead by burning of the bodies, after the manner of the ancients, is a subject which has for some years past been under discussion in Europe. Various processes have been devised as substitutes for inhumation among others petrifaction and preserving in anticeptic solutions; but in the end, it apears that the total disaggregation of the body by cremation has been considered and announced by many of the ablest foreign savants as the proper and indeed only way of avoiding the noxious effects resulting from the natural changes in the thousands of human remains buried in the neighborhood of thickly populated localities. Taking its origin in Europe, the movement during the last few months has, under the influence of Sir Henry Thompson and other eminent scientific authorities, who have strongly advocated its principles, taken a new life and has rapidly spread over the continent. The people of Switzerland, and Germany especially, have accepted it to no small extent. At Zurich recently, 2,000 persons subscribed to an association having the burning of the dead as its sole object. At Basle, the orthodox clergymen publicly embodiced their apparatus for carrying out the operation of incineration has been invented and advertised. More important than this to us is the wide spread discussion which the subject has evoked at the present time also in this country. A society has already been formed in New York city, including among its members Mr. Henry Bergh, Drs. Sexton, Lorilliard, and J. W. S Arnold, with many other well known citizens, for the purpose of promoting cremation and securing its practical application, and columns of the daily journals are given up to correspondence and the views of the people upon the advantages and disadvantages of the system.

The readers unversed in the process, which it is proposed to substitute for slow mouldering in the grave, will naturally think of the ancient pyre and probably suppose that it is the intention of the advocates of the plan to burn the bodies upon huge piles of variously scented wood, after the Greek or Roman fashion. Little would be gained in an æsthetic or even a sanitary point of view if such were the system, for the gases and fumes evolved would be far from healthy. The body of the poet Shelly was thus destroyed, and his biographer tells us that, so far from being the beautiful and poetic rite intended, the process was a very disagreeable and nauseous operation. Science provides a better plan for reducing "ashes to ashes" in the apparatus especially devised by Professor Brunetti for the purpose, and by that inventor recently described in the *French Revue Scientifique*. After having made several experiments on the human subject, in which the bodies were burned in the retorts of gas manufactories, in close receptacles, and with free access of air, Professor Brunetti finds that an oblong furnace of fireproof brick is required, having in 10 holes below, by means of which the intensity of the fire can be regulated. The upper part of this is hollowed to receive the coffin, over which a doomed cover is placed, by which the flames are in a reverberatory furnace, may be directed upon the body. Within the coffin is a metal support or table on which the body rests, fixed by thick iron wire. The operation embraces three periods. the heating of the body, the spontaneous combustion, and the calcination of the bones. During the first period, and about half an hour after the pile of wood in the furnace has been lighted, the combustion of the body commences. If the wood has been well arranged, two hours suffice to produce complete carbonization. During the third period, the air holes being opened, the carbonized mass is collected and placed upon a fresh plate and the heat is urged to the utmost, a fresh supply of wood being inserted. By means of this arrangement, at the expense of about 150 pounds of wood, complete incremation may be affected in two hours. When the furnace has cooled, the cinder and bones are collected and deposited in a funeral urn.

So far as sanitary benefit to the people is concerned, we cannot but think the arguments of the advocates of cremation are cogent and forcible. It is well known that numbers have been rendered ill by water from springs and wells which have become contaminated by the near proximity of graveyards, and it is also a fact that there is a miasm arising from these receptacles which, as is universally recognised, renders their presence in crowded localities dangerous to health. We do not see the ground of the assertion that by burial the fertalizing properties of the bodies are lost to the earth, for it seems to us that they are in as good a condition for absorption as if sprinkled in the form of ashes over the surface. Neither can we incline to the belief, that by adopting cremation, a point of economy will be gained, in avoiding the expensive paraphernalia of modern funerals, since the latter are governed purely by the dictates of fashion, and that fickle individual would speedily make the jeweled urn as costly an affair as the sculptured stone.

Anything which seeks to subvert a settled popular custom strengthened not only by long usage but by a prejudice growing out of a religious feeling, presents, however, at best a doubtful prospect of success. There is not a person, we may safely say, who, when the horrors of possible living burrial, the slow decomposition, and the changes of the form of a loved one to a loathsome thing, to poison the health of the living, are laid before him, will not admit that the closed furnace, the pure fire flame, and the final handful of dry clean changeless ashes are much the better of the two means of disposition; but his admission in the end will be found to apply to everybody in the world except himself and his family. It is a question of the heart in the end, not of the mind. Science, cold and passionless, may point out the better way; but if its adoption is to tear wider the wounds caused by separation from those we love, no amount of reasoning will induce us to follow it. A husband may give his wife, a mother her child, into the embraces of the cremationist and endure the keenest sufferings as the dirt and stone rattle on the coffin lid; but this act, revolting as it may be, is connected in the imagination with the highest and holiest of thoughts—the hereafter. We may bury those nearest to us in our own bit of ground; we may imagine that their forms remain where we put them, and we may tend the flowers which bloom over their resting places as messengers from them to us. All this we can do; but there are few, we think, who would have the heart to hand his dead child or wife to a public official to be burned, or would care to see the ashes of his ancestors scattered over the earth as manure.—*Scientific American.*

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BELLEFONTE, PA.,

Jas. C. Williams,

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CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

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The Granger Store!

Something New!

CASH AND PRODUCE FOR

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SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.

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Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
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HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,

In short a full line of EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

5feb. y.

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!

At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of

Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook, the Eclipse Cook, the Reliance Cook.

PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas burner, National Egg, Jowell, &c.

He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.

TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE

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Fruit Cans, of all Sizes,
BUCKETS,
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All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited. ANDREESMAN,

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JOHN BRECHBILL,

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CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

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Prescriptions carefully Compounded. 23oct tf MILLER & SON.

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The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best [illegible] now in use, shifting in the [illegible]am for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

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at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,

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PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may22-tf.

LEVI MURRAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,

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Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

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SPEARS ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK

STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAY 7, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Rain all day on Monday.

——Tuesday afternoon warm enough to bring out the flies.

——Have received the Magic Inkstand, which makes its own ink. It is not a humbug.

——Wm. Armstrong, at Potters Mills, advertises all kinds of factory goods, in exchange for wool.

——About a week ago 600 young salmon trout were emptied into Penns Creek above Selinsgrove.

——Wife Love, son of our friend Judge Love, is reported drowned at Lock Haven, during the late jam. Hope it is not correct.

——J. C. Motz has entered into partnership with Hon. J. G. Meyer, in the grain, flour, and cement business, at Pine Cerek Mills.

——Brown should not be too hasty about the district attorneyship, without first consulting John F. Potter about that little matter.

——Cyrus W. Hunter has settled down at Mattenville, near Buffalo Run, and, with James M'Cartney, is engaged in manufacturing wagons, buggies, plows, harrows, &c. Success to him.

——A fellow came to the REPORTER office the other day, and inquired whether *Cremsation*, so much talked about, wasn't a new way for making butter.

——Mr. Evans, watchmaker and jeweler, formerly of Harrisburg, gives notice of his intention to locate here permanently if he meets with the needed encouragement.

——"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Col. Brown agrees to be a candidate for district attorney. We offered him the Lieutenant Governship, which he declines.

——Rev. S. G. Shannon, formerly of this place, and now pastor of the Milroy Luth charge, has been allowed a six week's vacation by his flock, two of which he has spent among his friends in this valley.

——In Lancaster county the roads are let out to the lowest bidder, to be kept in repair for one year, and the supervisors of Fulton twp., after six years' trial, announce that they have been able to reduce the tax, and have greatly improved roads.

——There is a pine tree down the valley which must be twisted more than any screw we ever saw, and as a friend relates us, must be a great ways down from top to ground, following the grain. This pine was struck by lightning, and the electricity followed the twist. There was a squirrel in the top when the tree was struck, and the little animal at once made a straight cut down the trunk, reaching the bottom before the lightning.

——The *Journal of Education* thinks that Americans have a peculiar habit of using large words, and especially notices the assumption of the title of professor by men who after a year's study in some normal school, or a four years' course in a school or college, undertake to govern schools of twenty pupils.

This reminds us of a Clinton county Teachers' Institute, which met at Logansville some 18 years ago, when a resolution was passed for themselves, declaring, "that each teacher holding a professional certificate hereafter be titled professor."

——Some one sends us an anonymous communication, signed "Yours, Confidentially," which has a fling at a certain conscientious gentleman, and wants it published. It is too early yet for greens, and besides, our correspondents must give us their names "confidentially" and avoid petty personalities, which we strike out, when observed in time.

——Centre County Sabbath School Association will hold its next annual convention at Spring Mills, commencing on Tuesday, June 2nd, and closing on the following Wednesday evening. Rev. R. P. H. Fletcher, of Lock Haven, will preach the opening sermon on Tuesday evening.

——The following item we find in an exchange, and ask persons who send communications to the REPORTER, to study and observe it:

The kind of communications that are interesting to every reader of a county paper, and which the editor will always be pleased to publish, can be written by almost any intelligent person. Such communications should contain something relating to one or all the following subjects: Public or private improvements in the neighborhood in which the writer resides; the crops and their condition; schools and their prosperity; accidents or incidents that may occur and in which the public are interested; public meetings or elections; all marriages and deaths, together with everything connected with the general prosperity of the people of the locality. Avoid personalities, trifling neighborhood quarrels, and everything that does not interest the general public. Observe brevity, write plainly.

——A fellow by name of Meisner, living on a killdear farm back of Miller's Hotel, in Hartley township, Union county, started out on a foraging expedition, on Wednesday 22nd, with horse and wagon went for Brushvalley, and during the night helped himself to 18 bushels of seed oats, 2 bushels of cloverseed and some rye, out of the barn of Charles Brumgard, and filled up his load with corn out of the crib of George Brumgard, and went on his way home rejoicing. Mr. Charles Brumgard wanted to sow his oats next day, and not finding it "there," the strange wagon tracks were followed, until some teams were met coming in an opposite direction, who reported having seen a man with a wagon heavily laden. The pursuit was continued to Miller's tavern (Stitzer's) where the pursuers learned that he had been there and also his name and residence and that he alleged buying the grain from Newt Wolf. Of course the chap was soon treed, and arrested. He offered to make things square by paying $100. He was, however, taken off to jail at Lewisburg.

——The Citizens of Manor School district, met on last Sunday, April 26, at the above named School house, for the purpose of reorganizing a Union Sunday School. There was a good attendance considering the unfavorable condition of the weather and roads. The following named officers were elected: Supt. Leonard Rhone; Sec'y, G. W. Boal; Librarian, Jacob Wagner; Assistant Librarian, Ephriam Keller; Treasurer, Michael Spicher, Jr. This School, in connection with the Earleystown Sunday School, held several interesting and instructive S. S. Concerts during the past winter, conducted by Rev. Crittenden and Superintendents of the School.

——Shortlidge & Co., of Bellefonte, continue to pay the highest price for wheat, corn, rye, oats, &c. They pay the highest price in cash for good potatoes. They are now selling their Cement, for $9.50 per ton, by ground ready for use, guarantee it to be as of 3800 pounds. They guarantee it to be a good a fertilizer as the Nova Scotia plaster. Farmers will find it to their interest to call on them.

——The May Aldine is as fresh and beautiful as the month it represents, filled to the brim with choice flowers of art and literature. The engravings, which in this superd monthly seem to have reached the highest point of perfection, are beautiful beyond anything heretofore seen in any illustrated magazine, and the literary contents of the May Aldine are of greater variety and excellence than usual. Subscription price, $5, including chromes "The East" and "The West." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 68 Maiden Lane, New York City.

——G'enn & Houser's woolen factory at Millheim, and the dwelling house occupied by Mr. Houser, were entirely destroyed by fire, on last Monday morning. As we are informed, Mr. Houser had gone to the factory that morning to start the fires, and shortly after returning to the house, he discovered that the factory was on fire. The flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save any of the machinery or other contents of the building. The machinery was all in good order. Closely adjoining the factory building, on the east side was the large two-story dwelling occupied by Mr. Houser, to which the flames communicated, and it was soon in a blaze and burned to the ground. The greater part of the household effects were saved, to which all the aid on the spot was given, as it was useless to attempt to save anything in the factory. We suppose the loss must foot up to some $10,000, and sets very heavily upon the firm. We did not learn of there being any insurance upon the property.

——The general council of the Centre co. Grangers, met at Centre Hall, on Wednesday. Delegations from the different local granges were in attendance, and the meeting was quite large, an evidence that the brotherhood of farmers is gaining in numbers in the county.

——This is the way it was done: A rat, which had done considerable mischief gnawing a silk-dress and some other articles, belonging to a colored lady in this town, was at last cornered by her, held down with a poker, and tenderly chastised with a little switch and then let run. Really doctor Bergh couldn't bring in complaint here. Did ever rat receive kinder treatment fer depredations?

THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—This invention will drive all other inks out of the market. Millions are being sold in Europe, and millions will be sold here. It costs but two (2) dollars, It is, decidedly, the greatest curiosity of the century. Makes its own ink, by simply pouring in water. It will last an ordinary lifetime. Sold by all stationers, or by mail from R. C. Root, Anthony, & Co., New York.

——SUGAR VALLEY ITEMS.—A mean robbery was committed in the basement of the Reformed church at Logansville, a few weeks ago, which, for meanness, has scarcely an equal. It appears that the thief entered a window in the basement and made for the contribution box. This he captured, and after appropriating its contents of some eleven months' saving, the sneak made good his escape. No clue to the thief.

A few Sundays ago, while Hon. George W. Shively and family were at church, some thieving rascal entered the house and took out of a sugar bowl $60 in money. If the thief had gone one degree deeper he would have got double the amount.—*Democrat.*

LETTER FROM OHIO.

TROY, OHIO, May 1st, 1874.

EDITOR REPORTER:—The writer of the article I see in the REPORTER from Akron, Ohio, gave glowing accounts of the women crusade in that place, but she forgot to mention that the women got paid for singing and praying, and had a good dinner gotten up for them every day at the church, and from their certain knowledge, one of the women took whisky every day for her health. The fanatical excitement which has arrayed one class of our citizens against another, has now well spent its fury. In the small towns of Ohio, where the crusade has been waged vigorously, there has been great disturbing of good feeling amongst former friends and families, equal to war times, and this thing of standing picket at the back door of saloons till 11 o'clock at night, I think is going a little too far for a decent woman, and one night in the city of Piqua, a woman got awfully scared at some awful sight she beheld. The next morning she had the saloon keeper arrested and brought before the Mayor of the city; the women crowded in his office so fast that he had to adjourn to one of the largest halls in the city, and it is astonishing to hear of so many women crowding in to hear a vulgar suit. The man was bound over to court.

A GRANGER.

For the Reporter.

WOODWARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Woodward S. S., owes honor and respect to J. N. Van Ormer, for its general prosperity and advancement. The school is making use of the Berean Lesson Leaves and Journal. The money which the school needs for buying books, &c., is obtained by means of a contribution box which contains as many small boxes as there are classes. This box is passed round every Sunday, and at the end of every month the box is opened. At the end of the first month the box contained fifteen dollars and sixty-nine cents. ALPHA.

For the Reporter.

SUGAR VALLEY ITEMS.

The principal topic for conversation in this vicinity at present, is the poor-house question; all seeming to be unanimously in favor of having one built in the county, without delay. The people are also awakening to the necessity of having a longer "school term." It is earnestly hoped by the intelligent, and greater part of the people that ere long we shall have a law established in this county, (Clinton) providing for a public "school term" of, from six to nine months in the year.

The Green-grove school,—Mr. Overdorf teacher—held an exhibition on last Monday night. Yours truly, did not enjoy the pleasure of being present, but presume they had a good attendance, as the little urchins were busy all the next day scrubbing out the school room.

Mr. J. S. Boone, says he don't care about the bag full of oats, but if the fellow that took it by mistake from his store porch the other night, will only return the bag, he will accept it gratefully and ask no questions.

During the past winter, a great many farmers of this and Brushvalley, have had grain of some kind stolen from them, and no clue to the identity of the thieves could be discovered. The community will therefore be glad to learn that one of these *contemptable wretches*, the perpetrator of the last theft in Brushvalley, has been traced to his home; and we presume ere this, is safely lodged in the Bellefonte jail, to await his trial. In the search of the premises, they were found belonging to farmers who had not noticed the efflux from their granaries.

A remarkable lady of this place, upon being informed that the Enterprise had given nearly a column, in reference to the marriage of Henry Shoemaker, to Miss Blanche Quiggle, indignantly remarked: "Gracious alive! what is this world coming too; neatly a column of the newspaper, for a wedding notice; and only a *shoe-maker* at that. Why *law sakes*, when I was young a shoemaker could thank his stars, if he got a wedding notice in the paper at all."

The "beautiful snow" is only twelve inches deep this morning (Apr. 30,) and I shall have to bid you adieu; or another sleigh ride this season, for Yours Truly, will be gone where the woodbine twineth.

V. V.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Whereas, the great Master of the universe has seen fit in his wisdom to take from time to eternity our brother John P. Ross, member of Spring Mills Grange, No. 158, and, as brothers and sisters of the Patrons of Husbandry, the noble order of which he so recently was a member, we deem it our duty to offer the following resolutions:

1st. That the Spring Mills Grange has learned with profound regret of the death of Brother John P. Ross.

2nd. That whilst we deplore the loss of our worthy Brother, and shall miss him in our deliberations, still as Patrons we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

3rd. That we extend our sympathies to the bereaved family of our brother, commending them to him, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.

4th. That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a blank page upon secretary's book be set apart expressly for the name of our brother John P. Ross, with his age, date of his initiation, and also date of his death, that these resolutions be published in the county papers, and that the secretary be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

W. F. REARICK,
J. W. EVANS,
J. A. MCCLINTIC } Committee

(County papers please copy.)

Barbert & Co.'s sash factory, at Montgomery Station, five miles from Muncy, Pa., was totally demolished Saturday by the boiler exploding. Two boys named Fowler and the engineer were injured.

The medical examination of the brain of Waltz, the murderer, showed it was in a perfectly healthy and sound condition and weighed fifty-four ounces.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

Three Persons Burned to Death in Clearfield county.

Houtzdale, April 29.—A fire broke out early this morning in Houtzdale in the house of L. Campbell, on George street, occupied by the Pennington family. Loss about $1,000; no insurance. The names of the parties burned to death were Elijah Pennington and his wife and Westley Pennington. The mother and daughter were saved but were slightly burned. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective stove. The three bodies were found together below the corner room of the house. The bodies were not discovered until the house had fallen in. A man's foot appearing among the embers led to the discovery of the bodies. They were almost totally destroyed, the features not recognizable. The skulls were opened by the heat and the brains drawn out.

Four inches of snow on the houses prevented a general conflagration. The house fell in about three quarters of an hour after the fire was discovered. The building being frame burned very rapidly. Mr. Pennington, father of the diseased, who was at Hollidaysburg at the time of the fire, returned this morning. A jury was empaneled and the matter is being investigated to-day. The mother and daughter escaped by leaping from the bed room window of the second story. They were all asleep when the house caught fire. The exertions of the citizens prevented the destruction of other property.

A SUPPOSITION OF MURDER.

Houtsdale, Pa., April 30.—It appears that the woman who was burned to death yesterday was the wife of another man, and was living with Pennington as his wife. Threats had been made two weeks ago by her former husband to kill her, and the supposition is that he first murdered the three persons and then set fire to the house to conceal his crime. A bucket was found near the premises which had contained coal oil, and this led to the supposition. The coroner's jury rendered the following verdict:

"That the said Henry Pennington's house was set on fire by some person or persons unknown to the jury, and that the three victims were maliciously burned to death."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Altoona, April 20.—An accident occurred this morning near Cresson, twelve miles west of here. Five raftmen walking on the track near Cresson were met by a freight train going east. They stepped on the other track to get out of the way when the Pacific express going west struck them, killing four instantly and seriously injuring the fifth. The names of the killed are Edward Pardee, Ames Pardee, Jacob Bowder, P. S. Chwin, and William Chwin injured. They lived at Cherry Tree, Indiana county, Pa.

FIGHTING IN ARKANSAS.

A Pitched Battle Between the Baxter and Brooks Men at Pine Bluff.

Little Rock, April 30.—Gen. King White, who has charge of the Baxter forces at Pine Bluff hearing that a party Brooks' men were assembled at New Gascony, in Jefferson county, committing depredations, moved a column of two hundred men down to that point to-day for the purpose of dispersing them.

A despatch to-night to Gen. Newton from Pine Bluff says Gen. White sent forward a flag of truce to order the men to disperse, but they fired upon the party, and a regular battle ensued, in which nine of the Brooks party were killed and twenty wounded. The remainder were taken prisoners, disarmed, and sent home.

Gen. White reports seven of his own command wounded, and three horses killed.

The Situation in Little Rock.

The situation in this city remains unchanged. Baxter was reinforced by one company from Hempstead county this morning.

Brook's side sent out a squad last evening and cut the telegraph wire between this city and Pine Bluff. This squad was captured last night by the Baxterites, and are now under guard.

Maj. Gen. Churchill, of the Baxter side, with ten men, was surrounded last night while coming from the depot of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad by a party of fifty Brooksites, who were laying in wait for him, and he was captured. He was released a short time afterward, and is today in command of his forces.

The United States troops got out in line last night, prepared to prevent trouble, but the alarm which caused this proved to be unfounded.

A spirit of uneasiness pervades everything, and news from Washington definitely settling the matter in favor of one or the other party is anxiously looked for by everybody.

THE FATHER OF FORTY-ONE CHILDREN.

John Hepner, of Reading, claims to be the father of forty-one children by three wifes. The Reading Eagle says: He was born in 1815, and twenty-five years afterward, 1840, he was first wife arrived in Germany. They lived happily together for eight years, when she died. During that time they were blessed with seventeen well formed children; hence at the age of thirty-three Mr. Hepner found himself the father of quite an extensive family. The little ones came on earth as follows: Two pairs of twins, four setts of triplets and one at single birth, seventeen in all. The children of this marriage are now all dead.

Mr. Hepner remained a widower after a short time, for in less than a year after he married another fair daughter of Germany. Providence smiled on the union and apparently approved of it, for during the course of events he was made the happy father of another child in the month of February, 1846. On Christmas following, in the same year, ten months afterward, another child was born unto him. Then the Lord blessed them with twins five times in succession, and subsequently three more children at single birth were born unto him, making fifteen in all. His second wife and himself lived together nine years and then she died. By the two marriages Mr. Hepner, at the age of forty-two, had become the father of thirty-two children, of which only two are now living.

Twenty years ago Mr. Hepner and wife came to this country. He was then thirty-nine years of age. Three years afterward his wife died. Mr. Hepner not desiring to live in a strange land entirely alone selected a third wife in 1858. They are still living happily together, and during the sixteen years of their married life nine children have been born unto them, each by single birth, making forty-one in all. His third wife was a widow with one child when they married, hence forty-two children have called him "father." Of the third set of children only three are living, making five living in all, together with the extra one belonging to his third wife.

THE GREAT OVERFLOW,

Present Condition of Affairs in the South-West—The People Suffering and Destitute.

Memphis, May 3.—Several steamers from below arrived to-day, but they bring little additional information concerning the overflow. A pilot from Vicksburg reports that in the country back of Austoali is inundated, probably from the Huckpuckany crevasse. Dr. Tibbet's plantation, just below Lake Providence, and Tucker's plantation just above, are overflowed; also, that back of Burck's Line. There is much suffering and destitution not heretofore reported. Throughout the inundated region stock is huddled together on the tops of the levees, or on narrow strips of land, and those not starving are being killed by buffalo gnats. Pilot John Gilmore reports the water falling along the coast below Natchez, but it should be borne in mind that the sufferings of the people will not end with the decline of the water, as many of them have lost everything and are without food.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

City of Kingston, N. Y., May 3.—There was a terrible calamity at the village of Shawangunk, on the Walkkill Valley Railroad, about thirty miles from this city, last evening. As the day hands employed in Condit & Inge paper-mill were leaving the shops just before six o'clock, the large boiler exploded, nearly demolishing the building and burying in the ruins many of the laborers. Seven persons were taken out dead, and a number fatally wounded. Those killed were horribly mangled. The force of the explosion was terrific. The boiler, weighing five tons, was thrown 600 feet. There is intense excitement in the village, and a crowd threatened to lynch Mr. Frazier, the superintendent of the mill, who, it is claimed, was guilty of criminal negligence in using a rotten, condemned boiler. The mill was recently erected at a cost of $100,000.

FAMILY AFFLICTION.—The following death record we clip from our Brookville exchanges:

"Died in Winslow township, of scarlet fever, March 17th, Almira M. Owens, aged 7 years and 10 months; March 23d, Elizabeth M. Owens, aged 12 years, 1 month and 12 days; March 24th, Emily J. Owens, aged 35 years, 2 months and 16 days; March 26th, Margaret J. Owens, aged 10 years and 4 days; March 30th, Francis D. Owens, aged 14 years, 1 month and 7 days, all of, and just one-half of the family of Thomas M. Owens."

THE HOMESTEAD HORROR.

Six Persons Burned to Death near Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, April 30.—Early this morning the house of John Hamuel near Homestead about six miles from here, was destroyed by fire and the entire family, consisting of Mr. Hamuel, his wife, two children, hired man, and a boy whom they were raising, six persons in all, were burned to death. But two recognizable bodies were found. It is almost certain that the entire family were murdered, and suspicion rests upon a man in their employ on the place. One of the bodies found among the ruins shewed that his throat had been cut.

On Wednesday of last week, Isaac Bowersox, living about three miles south of New Berlin, in Snyder county, went out to the barn, in a very cheerful mood. Another member of the family happened in the barn some time afterwards, and was horrified to find him dead, seated on the barn floor, with the hay rope about his neck. He was between 20 and 25 years old. No cause for the rash act is known.

A rural statistician reports that more people are talked to death by peddlers of lightning rods than are killed by lightning.

DEATHS.

On 30th of April 1874, at Potters Mills, after a short illness of heart disease, Elmer E. Clark, son of Moses and Mary Clark, aged 11 years, 7 months and 2 days.

On 29th, in Gregg twp., after a short illness of typhoid pneumonia, Mr. John P. Ross, aged 35 years and 3 months.

On the 28th of April, 1874, Daniel R. Barger, son of Jacob Barger, aged 17 years, 6 months and 3 days.

On 29, at Milroy, Jacob Breon, aged 75 years. His remains were brought to George's valley for burial.

For the Reporter.

In Memoriam.

Not many days ago, in Lancaster county, a band of youths, after mutual and hearty greetings, ceased from their accustomed labors and turned their faces towards their respective homes. All was joy and gladness expecting to return again in a short time, and be reunited by the common bond of friendship. Two weeks from the time of their separation the band of youths, with the exception of a few, could again be seen occupying their accustomed places. One place, however, continued to be vacant, the cause of which began to arouse anxiety. On assembling in the chapel, in the morning, where all met for religious devotion, all eyes were turned in the direction of the vacant seat with the expectation of seeing it occupied by the hitherto absent person. Two weeks from the reassembling of the youths intelligence was received saying that the former occupant of the now vacant seat was lying low on the bed of affliction. From that time a cloud of sadness began to gather, now and then penetrated by the hope of soon hearing of his recovery and of his restoration to his wanted place. In a little while longer the ray of hope began to decrease in brilliancy by the reception of a telegram saying that he was in a very low condition, but alas! on Monday morning on the 27th day of April the telegraph wires were again resorted to as a means of communicating the sad and heart-rending intelligence that the object of our anxiety had left the stage of action and had mingled with the hosts above. The ray of hope was dissipated and all was darkness. The name of our subject is Levi Garbrick, who was a student of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., a member of the Sophomore class, a faithful student, a kind friend and beloved by all who came in contact with him. It is natural for us to extol the virtues of a friend, when he has departed this world, and forget his weaknesses, but who does not admire one in whom honesty, truth and integrity holds such a prominent place and who could bear misfortune and trials without apparently lessing a spirit of kindness, and without giving way to angry passions. During over a year of close association with him as a room-mate, he manifested truth as a characteristic only of a true gentleman and a person of tender disposition. * * * * Already several days before his spirit left the mortal frame he expressed a disinterestedness in the things of this life and his thoughts were absorbed into the solemn concerns of the life into which he was about to enter; only a little while before his spirit took its flight, it leaned over the prison walls of earth and saw the beauty and grandeur which lies beyond, and which is veiled from mortal sight. * * * His fidelity to his confirmation vows after his union with the church, live in the hearts of his many friends as examples worthy of imitation. D. H. F.

MARRIAGES.

On 21st ult., in Pine Grove, Mr. George Ebberts and Mrs. Deborah Allen, both of the above place.

On 27th ult., Robt. Wilson of Osceola and Miss Susanna Eaton of Harris twp., Centre co.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White 97 heat $1.50, Red 1.45.... Rye..... 70..... Corn 50 .... Oats 35..... Barley 80. 70..... Clo rerseed 4,50 .... Potatoes 50 Lard per pound 8..... Pork per pound 06 Butter 30..... Eggs 30. .... Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8..... Bacon 10..... Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents..... Buck wheat 65 cts..... Flour per barrel retails, 50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,50.... Red wheat 1 45.... Rye 60..... Corn 50 ..... Oats 35..... Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00..... Timothyseed, 300..... Bacon 7c..... Ham 15..... Butter 27.... Eggs 20..... Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75..... Stove Coal per Ton $6.50..... Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the firm of Meyer, Hoffer, & Co., manufacturers of Flour, Lumber, Cement, &c., was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st day of April, 1874. The books of the said firm remain in the hands of J. G. Meyer, of Aaronsburg, for settlement, where all persons indebted will oblige by making early settlement.

MEYER, HOFFER & CO.,
7 may 3t. Haines Twp.

ALL KINDS OF

Factory Goods

constantly on hand and offered in exchange for Wool. These goods are of the very best and manufactured by A. F. Gibbnay, at Greenwood, and consist of CARPETS, BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Stocking Yarn, and all other goods generally manufactured.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Agent.
may7 3m. Potters Mills, Pa.

R. B. EVANS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

formerly from Harrisburg, Pa., will be in Centre Hall, beginning of May, where he will repair Watches, Clocks, and other articles in that line of business. He has had large experience and invites such encouragement as will justify his remaining permanently. All work carefully and promptly executed and on the most reasonable terms, and warranted. 7 may 4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of William Harkins, of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

GEORGE HARKINS,
JOHN HARKINS,
7 may 6t. Admr's.

STENCIL CUTTING.

The undersigned having concluded to remain in the vicinity of Centre Hall, the present season, would respectfully inform the public that he will engage in the business of STENCIL CUTTING. Persons desiring Plates for marking handkerchiefs, clothing, grain sacks, farming utensils &c. will do well to give him a call. No trouble to show samples. H. C. GALBRAITH,
apr16-4t Centre Hall.

Keystone Store.

FOR FARMERS AND ALL OTHERS

Go to

H. YEARICK & SON,

FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS,

QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c

No. 6 Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa.

All kinds of country produce taken. Best Bargains in town to be had. nov20tf

Lime & Cement.

The best quality of lime, always on hand at the Centre Hall lime-kilns. Also cement, which is warranted to be of a superior quality. Apply to

ap9-tf GEO. KOCH.

TO

Farmers & Builders

Having attached a PLAINER to our steam saw-mill, on the Seven Mountains near Foust's, we are prepared to furnish,

WHITE & YELLOW PINE

FLOORING & SIDING,

AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. SHINGLES & BILL LUMBER OF ALL KINDS, FENCING &c., FURNISHED TO ORDER.

I. & J. UNDERWOOD,
Millroy, Pa., or,
2apr 3m Potter's Mills, Pa.

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Rooms!

KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

Shortlidge & Co.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Bellefonte Lime Quarries,

The only Manufacturers of Lime, burnt exclusively with wood, in Central Pennsylvania.

DEALERS IN

Anthracite Coal,
White Lime,
Du Pont's Powder,
Sporting and Blasting Powder on hand,
Fuse for Blasting,
Fire Brick,
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Fertilizers,
Implements.

jan30 73

Office and yard near South end of the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot, Bellefonte, Pa. jan10.73

LUMBER FOR SALE.

The Undersigned has for sale a large stock of Lumber at the Loop Sawmill, (lately Colyer's), consisting of

WHITE, YELLOW,
& PITCH PINE,
HEMLOCK, OAK,
POPLAR,
PALING, LATH,
SHINGLES,
HEADING.

and all kinds of Lumber generally used for building purposes. DRY WALNUT LUMBER always on hand. All kinds of Coopering done.

J. A. FLEMING,
apr9-3m Potters Mills.

NEW GOODS

AND NEW

PRICES.

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

at the

BOSTON BOOT & SHOE STORE,

NO. 5, BUSH'S ARCADE.

Prices Less than at any Other Shoe Store in Centre County.

Call and See Us!

No. 5, Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte.
July 19tf

GROCERY STORE:—

Woodring & Co.,

At the Grocery Store on Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa., opposite Hoffer Bro's inform the public generally, that they have now and keep at all times one of the best and largest stocks of Groceries, such as

COFFEES,

TEA,

SUGAR,

MOLASSAS,

&c., &c., &c.,

CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS,

consisting of canned peaches, cherries, tomatoes, plums, green corn, dried apples, peaches, cherries &c.

In brief they have everything usually kept in a first class Grocery Store. Call in ladies and gentlemen. Our prices are reasonable. We aim to please. oct9tf

H. H. WEISER & CO.,

Manufacturers of

Sheetiron & Tinware,

Millheim, Pa.

All kinds of Tinware, constantly on hand and made to order.

Sheetiron Ware of every description, always on hand.

Roofing in Tin and Sheetiron done in the most approved and satisfactory style.

Spouting done to order.

Their stock of Tin and Sheetiron Goods is large and complete, and offered at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Their establishment has been enlarged and stocked completely throughout.

Satisfaction guartanteed, and all jobs promptly attended to. apr16-y

THE SUN.

Weekly, Semi-Weekly, and Daily.

THE WEEKLY SUN is too widely known to require an extended recommendation, but the reasons which have already given it fifty thousand subscribers, and which will, we hope, give it many thousand more, are briefly as follows:

It is a first-rate newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when important, at full length when of moment, and always presented in a clear, intelligible, and interesting manner.

It is a first-rate family paper, full of entertaining and instructive reading of every kind, but nothing that can offend the most delicate or scrupulous taste.

It is a first-rate story paper. The best tales and romances of current literature are carefully selected and legibly printed in its pages.

It is a first-rate agricultural paper. The most fresh and instructive articles on agricultural topics regularly appear in this department.

It is an independent political paper, belonging to no party and wearing no collar. It fights for principle, and for the election of the best men to office. It especially devotes its energies to the exposure of the great corruptions that now weakens and disgraces our country, and threatens to undermine republican institutions altogether. It has no fear of knaves, and asks no favors from their supporters.

It reports the fashions for the ladies and the markets for the men, especially the cattle-markets, to which it pays particular attention.

Finally, it is the cheapest paper published. One dollar a year pays for it, secure it for any subscriber. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have The Weekly Sun at this rate. Any one who sends a single dollar will get the paper for a year.

We have no travelling agents.

THE WEEKLY SUN.—Eight pages, fifty-six columns. Only $1.00 a year. No discounts from this rate.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.—Same size as the Daily Sun. $2.00 a year. A discount of 20 per cent. to clubs of 10 or over.

THE DAILY SUN.—A large four-page newspaper of twenty-eight columns. Daily circulation over 130,000. All the news for 2 cents. Subscription price 50 cents a month, or $6.00 a year. To clubs of 10 or over, a discount of 20 per cent.

Apr. 2-4t Address "THE SUN," New York City.

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435		Charles Hall	2 90
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243	17	GeorgeSnyder	7 02
441	123	Cath Snyder	12 56
		Liberty Township.	
50		Daniel Pletcher	6 80
368	80	Robert Irvin	27 20
406	120	Steph Stephenson	13 60
406	120	John Dunwoody	do
do	do	Eb Benham	20 57
do		Robt Smith	2 74
406	40	Peter Leitzel	27 59
409		Chris Smith	29 83
198	10	of Jno Potter	13 44
18		Daniel Krouse	61 20
250		Jno Jackson	4 23
7	162	Daniel Kreamer	5 44
398	80	Robert Irvin	13 60
70		Jos M Shaw	2 37
50		D Carscadden	1 64
30		Thos King	3 40
406	40	Peter Lytle	13 60
400		Mathew Leech	6 80
341		Jer Jackson	11 54
400		Job W Packer	13 60
550		Wm Hays	11 54
75		Christ Nestlerode	4 51
200		Steph Chambers	5 44
40		Ross Baker	2 04
300		Peters	6 80
75		Simon Shingle	5 09
200		Daniel Krouse	13 60
		Marion Township	
		Robert Young	5 40
		W A Thomas	2 70
		Unknown	1 80
		do	6 21
		D Lamb	13 50
		do	6 20
		Alex Scott	46 44
129		Abr Singer	30 60
		Henry Ewin	2 07
		Wm Allison	5 40
		Unknown	23 50
		Alex Scott	28 42
		Christ Rohrer	10 80
		John Sheene	10 80
		Miles Township.	
		Thos Grant	5 30
		Alex Hunter	1 44
		Jer Jackson	3 02
		Wm Steadman	1 97
		Robert Taggert	80
		Jno Smith	83
		Aaron Levy	1 32
		Robert Brady	5 67
		Hannah Brady	5 67
		Robert Gray	5 69
		Abraham Scott	1 96
		Samuel Scott	80
		Abraham Scott	1 69
		Samuel Scott	90
		Jane Brady	2 85
		Wm P Brady	5 76
		John Brady	2 65
		John Pim	2 65
		John Liggit	2 75
		Daniel Williams	2 75
		Wm Brady	2 98
		Samuel Porton	2 75
		Richard Parker	2 65
		Jer Parker	2 60
		John Seigbrid	2 65
		Thos Grant	5 30
		Peter Housel	2 75
		Wm Miles	11 63
		John Brady	2 65
		Jacob Seigbrid	2 85
		Strohecker & Raynolds	2 85
		do	1 71
		Dan'l Seigbrid	3 55
		Geo Calhoun	2 85
		Benj Calhoun	2 85
		Wm Harter	3 07
		John Trip	do
		Jer Jackson	1 42
		Jon Wolf	1 02
		Wm Dewart	2 65
		Patton Township.	
		Thos West	3 20
		Wm Ellis	2 40
		Thos West	2 29
		Wm Wilson	3 45
		Benj Homer	57 25
		Jacob Baker	49 20
		Henry Gross	27 25
		Potter Township.	
		Wm Harrison	3 20
		H B Fullman	do
		Edward Camagus	3 20
		Wm Camagus	do
		Wm Hoffman	2 31
		Daniel Smith	2 64
		Daniel Levy	do
		Samuel Young	do
		James Moore	66
		George McClellan	1 68
		Joseph Gowgill	3 80
		Taylor Township.	
		Jos Dreak	20 95
403		M J Craig & N Sherrick	37 05
550		Thos Wallace	4 22
92		Richard Whitehead	11 40
211		Josh Williams	8 55
115		Jno Lamb	8 35
300		Wm Bell	45 24
179		Geo W Alberty	17 10
300		And Burryhill	8 50
211

Farm, Garden and Household.

Notes of the Farm.

The Maine Stock Breeders' Association has been formed, Enoch Knights, of Portland, Secretary.

Mr. Scovil is authority for the statement that "of the 6,000 grasses 125 grow naturally in Central New York."

The five factories in Sweden consumed last year 514,506 cwt. of beets and produced 32,197 cwt. of unrefined sugar.

Two cents per quart for feeding pigs is the value placed upon skim milk by a member of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture.

A Japanese author asserts that hens fed on dry hemp seed will lay all winter, and that if pounded charcoal is given with their food the flesh will become "beautifully white and rich."

Rumor having reached them of "a corner in coffee," or of the formation of a ring to keep up the price of this article, the members of one Missouri Grange resolved to dispense with that luxury until it can be bought at a fair cost; those of another place the limit at 25 cents per pound, and a third decide to do without coffee altogether for the space of 90 days.

A correspondent of *Moore's Rural*, who for a quarter of a century has been a close observer of the utility and durability of patent roofing, is obliged to say that he "never yet saw one that was good for anything."

The trespass laws of Illinois are very stringent. Frequent notices are posted, and some owners of large farms employ men to ride about the premises for the purpose of seeing that "sportsmen" do not come upon the grounds, and with dog and gun disturb their herds or harm the crops.

Pope Pius has removed the interdict against Catholics joining secret societies to the extent of permitting them to become members of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, "provided they find nothing therein conflicting with their conscience, or the creed of the church."

Mention is made of a New Hampshire man who keeps 800 fowls, all healthy and good layers. He scatters them over his farm—which is 400 acres in extent—in flocks of 25 to 50, providing for each a cheap house 9x13 feet. Their broad range is the secret of his success.

Fletcher Carr, of the Elmira Farmers' Club, alluded at a late meeting to one field which had borne buckwheat 20 years during the past quarter century, and gave nearly 25 bushels to the acre drilled, while other fields, quite as fertile, gave not more than 12 broadcast.

Mr. William Smith, of Detroit, Mich., has raised a pig cross, of Essex and Suffolk, which at seven and three-quarter months dressed 402 pounds, the best weight on record.

Of the five chief Massachusetts hospitals for the insane, in 1873, 10.39 per cent. of the inmates were farmers. In the Essex County Insane Receptacle the proportion was 26 per cent., greatest of any, politics being probably the inducing cause.

For lice on sheep feed a teaspoonful of sulphur to each animal say twice a week, and the lice will disappear.

Lucern or alfalfa seed can be obtained of any seedsman at from 50 to 60 cents per pound. It requires fifteen pounds to seed an acre.

An excellent way to preserve fence posts is to char the ground end by burning it—thus carbonizing it. Other modes have been given, but they are not available for publication here just now. If any of our readers know a more efficient way they will doubtless contribute it.

Diseases of Cows.

A cow doctor of our acquaintance, says the N. Y. *Sun*, who has had an experience of nearly forty years, says: "Early spring is my harvest, and I get little time to rest either night or day." We asked him why, and he replied: "Want of plenty of nutritious food and shelter from cold give me nine-tenths of my practice." If cows were furnished with plenty of good food and warm stables in winter, the cow doctor would have little to do in the spring. As a proof of this assertion we have only to notice how quickly diseases disappear after the grass starts, and the animals are turned out to pasture. Horn-ail, hollow-tail, and many similar imaginary diseases so much talked about during the latter part of winter or early spring, are mainly the results of constipation, caused by feeding exclusively dry, coarse food, and exposure to cold storms. Reverse the order of treatment and these diseases would disappear from the farmers' stables in winter as quickly as they do from his pastures in summer. Catarrh, inflammation on the lungs, and similar diseases, all have their origin in exposure to cold or wet. Mange is brought on by half-starving in winter and keeping the animals in filthy, ill-ventilated stables. It becomes contagious, and frequently spreads among healthy animals. Ointment, composed mainly of sulphur, is the most effectual remedy. Lice, of course, show neglect, as no healthy, well-fed and well-housed animal is ever troubled with these parasites. Grubs in the back or skin are the larvæ of the gadfly, the eggs being deposited the previous season, while the animal was out in pasture. When found, they should be removed by merely puncturing the skin with a sharp-pointed knife, and then a slight squeeze will throw them out.

Diseases Follow Exposure.

Cows that are in milk, that have been milked late, are peculiarly sensitive to cold, and they are frequently injured by being exposed to storms. By getting wet and becoming chilled pulmonary complaints and other diseases are induced, and thus the farmer has a sick animal on his hands which is a source of trouble and anxiety, and not unfrequently a total loss. Many of the troubles that come upon the cows at the period of calving, may be traced directly to exposure during the winter; and therefore on this account alone will it pay the farmer to shelter his stock on the approach of storms, either of wind, or snow, or rain. During those days in winter that are sunny and warm, there may be no objection to allowing stock to run at large in the yard a greater portion of the day; but in the extreme cold weather three-quarters of an hour in the morning and the same length of time in the afternoon, to slack their thirst at the trough, will give them all the exercise needed. The remaining portion of the time they will be better in a warm, well ventilated stable, where they can quietly remunerate, without fear of being hooked or driven about by master cows.

To Remove Ants.

The following is a very simple means of removing ants, particularly when they are found in houses: Cook a quantity of prunes, making a strong decoction; pour the juice into a vessel, and place it where the ants are; the insects, attracted by the juice, fall into the vessel and are drowned; repeat the operation until all are removed. When trees are attacked by ants, use the same remedy; put vessels containing the juice of the prune at the foot of the trees and the best results are obtained. To prevent the heat from souring the juice whose odor attracts the ants, keep the vessels in the shade or set them out after sunset.

THE FRUIT CROP.—In an address at Trenton before the fruit-growers of New Jersey, Mr. Quinn gives the strawberry crop of that State at two millions of quarts, which, at fifteen cents per quart, would be worth $300,000. Of blackberries, raspberries and grapes, there are about the same. Thus the cultivation of this delicious fruit, which has brought into use thousands of acres of otherwise unemployed swampy lands, gives New Jersey the credit of raising half the entire cranberry crop of the United States.

No man is always wrong; a clock that does not run at all is right every twelve hours.

AMERICAN FARM HOUSES.

Their Peculiarities and Their "Dark Ways"—Some Most Suggestive Hints.

Mrs. Plunkett in a paper, "Some Farm-houses and Some Mistaken Ways of Living in Them," read before the Massachusetts Board of Health, says the obnoxious houses of the farmers of the State and their work are an inheritance—a kind of pilgrim fatherism, evidently, which it is difficult to describe faithfully without seeming to be drawing caricatures. In the first place, these houses were built before sanitary engineering was thought of, and with an especial eye to "handiness" of some sort; built, for instance, at the foot of a hill for shelter, under a big willow tree for shade, or close to the barns for convenience. Everybody has noticed how towering red barns are put in the best position in many farmyards, near to the water supply, while the little unpainted house is stuck anywhere—too near the barns often, Mrs. Plunkett says, for safety. Under a willow, too, means in the water, and in the shade any way means out of the sun; while at the bottom of a hill is apt to mean in the drainage of the hill. Then a mighty delusion of the average farmer is a house all on one floor, "long, sprawling, and mud-turtle shaped." This may be picturesque, but it is an economical and sanitary failure. You can't have a cellar under the whole mud-turtle, and where there is no cellar the floors are terribly cold, the foundations get loosened by frost, and the uncellared portion of the house becomes an aggregation of "lean to's" leaning every way. Mrs. Plunkett's paper deals especially with the mistaken ways and misfortunes of farmers wives who, in Massachusetts, have always been a kind of goddesses in poetry and romance. This is the chapter devoted to feather beds.

Another widespread source of discomfort and ill-health, though happily growing less by force of circumstances, is the use of feather beds. These are often precious family heirlooms, and they had an excuse for being while yet stoves and furnaces were unheard of, but are none the less injurious for all that. A coarse sacking, filled with inexpensive straw, forms the "under bed; on this is laid a huge bag filled with thirty or thirty-five pounds of feathers. The farmer with his blood at almost boiling heat, after a day's haying, lies down on this cheap and unpatented vapor-bath and perspirator and tries to sleep. Is it any wonder that he tosses and groans; that he finds his garments "wringing wet" and himself nearly exhausted; that he rises with the "first streak of light" from pure misery? The poor wife, who, very likely, in addition to all his discomforts, has suckled an infant all night finds herself more dead than a'ive in the morning, and looks forward with justifiable shrinking to the tasks of the day as she finds "the baby all broken out with prickly heat" and fretful accordingly. No wonder she calls this world a "vale of tears" and considers life a thoroughly puzzling problem. Had the bedroom been on the second floor the air would have been sweet and inviting, and the bed should have been formed by placing the feather heirloom under a mattress (a good hair one would cost $15 and last a lifetime). The baby also should have been provided with a well mattressed crib. The farmer himself would have found that the air circulating about him, as it would when raised up above but supported by an elastic mattress, cooled his blood, and he would have fallen into that refreshing sleep which is real rest. The baby being cool would have been mostly spared the eruption, and the mother having received the full benefit of the mysterious cordial that nature pours through our veins while sleeping, would have risen a rested and renewed being. Feather beds are answerable for much of the 'debility' among farmers' wives.

After paying her respects to "beds as cold inorgous slabs," Mrs. Plunkett says of the wife's work:

"Another error of modern farm life is that the wife tries to do too much herself. This is one of the indirect results of labor-saving machinery. In former days some needy girl was given a home and 'brought up,' often thoroughly initiated into the arts and mysteries of the highest housekeeping in consideration of her services. Having begun to supply hands and feet by machinery, the housewives of our day carry it too far. To be sure, the human aid is a creature of thought and feeling, of passions and impulses; while the machine causes neither anxiety nor annoyance, and so the wife overtaxes herself rather than be bothered with a girl."

Plain Linen Suits.

Dark gray undressed linen suits will be worn again in the summer, says a New York fashion journal, also the deep Napoleon blue linens. Piping of blue linen is the prettiest trimming for gray linens; black trimmings is too severe a contrast with gray; buff linen looks uncommonly well when piped with blue, but is pretty with brown edges; blue linen looks best piped with white; gray linen also looks well with brown pipings, and with shaded bone buttons. The sensible and stylish design for these is a very simple polonaise and short walking skirt. Any of the patterns of long loose-belted polonaises given last summer can be used again, though the preference is given to those with the French back and single-breasted front buttoned only a short distance below the waist; a pleated ruff finishes the neck, and there are no pockets. The ruff shows an inner lining of blue, and the merest piping fold appears below the facing all around the garment; the button-moulds covered with blue linen are no longer flat and large, but are thick, bulging outward in the middle, and the size of a dime. There are no darts in front of the polonaise but the long half seam before described; the fullness is drawn far back by the simple drapery, which is formed by two loops set low down on the side seam and passed over the buttons that define the waist; when the garment is to be washed, these are unbuttoned, and the skirt is perfectly straight, and therefore easily ironed. The front breadth of the walking skirt is trimmed with five lengthwise bias bands piped with blue, and reaching from belt to foot. A deep Spanish flounce of three straight breadths of linen begins at the first side seams, and trims all the breadths but the first. These bias folds trim this flounce, and extend up the front part of it beside the lengthwise tablier bands. Such suits cost $14 in the furnishing stores. Similar suits are made of blue linen, with white linen piping folds.

Wife.

There is no combination of letters in the English language which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man than the word "wife." It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comfort in misfortune, and an ever affectionate partner. It conjures up the image of a lovely, confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness, to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. The word "wife" is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing; and we pity the unfortunate wight who is compelled, by fate's severe decree, to trudge along through life's dull pilgrima ge without one.

A Fight with a Bear.

A letter from Oshkosk, Wis., relates the following: "A terrible fight with a she-bear took place near Lake Poygan by a man named Madden. Mr. Madden heard a noise and opened the door. The bear sprang in, and for two hours the man and the bear fought in deadly combat. Madden's wife and children mounted a ladder through a hole into the garret, and there were obliged to watch the combat. Madden's face, arms, and body were horribly torn and mutilated, by the claws of the animal, and, when nearly dead, assistance arrived, and the bear also tackled them. One other man also was injured, and the bear was finally driven off. Madden will probably recover, though he is terribly mangled."

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Taulbe Schwallbe died recently at the New York Assembly Rooms. She accompanied by her seven children, went to the Assembly Rooms to attend a ball, and while talking to some friends fell dead. She was 53 years old .....While some men were repairing an old well at Dexter Village, Ontario, the curb gave way, letting the earth fall and burying three men: two brothers named Black and a man named Williams. All the men were dead before they were rescued .....Fernando Wood introduced a bill in the U. S. House which was referred to the Ways and Means Committee, to regulate the service in the collection of customs and the disposition of the fines, penalities and forfeitures incurred under the laws relating to customs. It repeals all provisions of law under which moieties or perquisities of whatever name or nature, or commissions on disbursements have been paid to or received by collectors, naval officers, surveyors, or other officers and employees connected with the collector's department in the various ports of the United States; and provides that all fines and penalties and forfeitures and the proceeds of all condemnations paid to and received or recovered by such officers shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States .....A. T. Stewart has fixed the price for board at his Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, at three dollars a day for the coming season. Of course the landlords of the other hotels will be compelled to adopt the same tariff.

Two employees of Robinson's Circus, while loading cages on board a barge at the foot of Fifth street, Cincinnati, fell into the river and were drowned .....Informal information has reached official quarters at Washington that the agents of a European monarchy are now among the insurgents in Cuba with a view of giving them such aid that they may overcome the Spanish authorities and establish in that island a different Government, but with monarchical features. The nationality of the agents is withheld. There is no way of verifying the above report, although it is believed in official circles.....John McLaughlin, of Scarboro, Me., aged twenty years, committed suicide by lying down at the edge of a pond and holding his head under water. He had lately exhibited signs of derangement. ....The Carlist force that was before Gerona has retired, the municipal authorities having paid them 100,000 reals on condition that they would desist from blockading the city.....The U. S. Supreme Court held in the case of The United States against Francis J. Herron, that the discharge of a bankrupt under the bankrupt act did not discharge him from his indebtedness to the United States....The U.S. House Committee on the Judiciary substantially agreed upon a bill to provide for the distribution of the Geneva award. The distribution is proposed to be made by a United States court, to be designated by the President of the United States. The remainder of the bill does not materially differ from that of General Butler's which passed the House in February, 1873, but was not acted on by the Senate..... It has been ascertained that R. H. Magill, an insurance agent in San Francisco, is a defaulter. The amount of his defalcation is represented to be $50,000.

U. S. Secretary Richardson has made a negotiation for the exchange of half a million new five per cent. bonds for an equal amount of six per cent. five-twenty bonds, par for par, adjusting interest to the time of exchange on each, and allowing only one-quarter of one per cent. commission. This is one of the largest sales of the new bonds which has yet been made .....The Chinaman arrested on suspicion of having been implicated in the murder of Bernstein, at Corinne, was proven beyond all doubt to have committed the deed, unaided and alone. While the officers were endeavoring to take the prisoner to Brigham City for safe keeping, the citizens *en masse* took him from the Marshal down to the railroad bridge, one mile east of the town, and hanged him from the trestlework.... The Reichstag, of Berlin, by a majority of 78, has voted in favor of the compromise amendments to the Army bill. In the course of the debate Gen. von Moltke said: "In consequence of the shonts of revenge, it was necessary to keep the hand on the sword. Disarmament would mean war."..... The Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, reports that the whole amount of bonds refunded into 5 per cents. is $314,416,150. The cost thereof has been $1,440,792. By the terms of the agreement with the parties contracting for the loan they were to pay all expenses and to receive for their compensation the one-half of one per cent. allowed by law. Upon settlement with said parties all expenses incurred by the Government were first deducted and the balance only paid them. The refunds on account of the loan of 1858, $13,955,000, and the moneys received from the Geneva award—$15,500,000—were not made through any contracting parties, and therefore no commissions thereon were allowed..... Gen. Bank's son, Joseph, was assaulted and left senseless on a Boston street by some roughs the other night for trying to help some girls they were insulting.

The steamship Maliva, with the body of Dr. Livingstone on board, arrived at Southampton, England. The remains were disembarked, were formally received by the Mayor, and escorted to the railway station. During the passage of the procession minute guns were fired and the bells of the city tolled. Merchants closed their stores and flags were placed at half-mast..... A shocking explosion occurred in a coal mine at Dukinfield, near Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire. A large number of miners were killed and injured, many of the latter being terribly burned. Fifty-three bodies have been recovered. These are believed to have been all that were killed. One hundred men, who were left in the mine alive after the accident, were safely rescued. The explosion was caused by the use of naked lights.....A duel was fought at Toulme, near Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, between Wallace Wood and A. J. Bachemin. The weapons were dueling pistols, and the distance twelve paces. Bachemin was shot through the thigh at the first fire; Wood was unhurt. The entire party, all of whom are from New Orleans, were arrested by the Mississippi authorities. The party includes several newspaper reporters.... A tornado passed over and through Nashville from West to East, doing an immense amount of damage. It struck the city at the fair grounds, passing diagonally through the city and out by the University and Mount Olivet Cemetery. Its width seems to have been about a quarter of a mile. Many poor families are rendered homeless. It is feared there has been serious damage to property and loss of life along its track.

Queen Mary's Time.

Martial law was proclaimed through Cornwall and Devonshire, and the gibbet did its business freely, although in the latter country care was taken to distinguish the really guilty. In Cornwall, if we may believe the legends of the next generation, Sir Anthony Kingston, who went as provost-marshal, was not so scrupulous. A story was told of a miller who had been out with Arundel, and expecting inquiry, had persuaded a servant to take his place and name. "Are you the miller?" said Kingston, riding one day to his door. "If you please, yes," was the unsuspecting answer. "Up with him," said the provost-marshal, "he is a busy knave; hang him up." In vain the poor man called out then that he was no miller, but an innocent servant. "Thou art a false knave, then," said Sir Anthony, "to be in two tales—therefore, hang him!" And he was hanged incontinently. The mayor of Bodmin had been among the first to move; his name was joined to Arundel's in the rebels' articles, but his friends had interceded for him, and he had hoped for pardon. Kingston visited Bodmin in his progress, and sent the mayor notice that he would dine with him. He had a man to hang, too, he said, and a stout gallows must be ready. The dinner was duly eaten, and the gallows prepared. "Think you," said Kingston, as they stood looking at it; "think you it is strong enough?" "Yes, sir," quoth the mayor, "it is." "Well, then," said Anthony, "get you up, for it is for you." The mayor, greatly abashed, exclaimed and protested. "Sir," said Kingston. "there is no remedy; ye have been a busy rebel, and this is appointed for your reward." And so, without respite or stay, the mayor was hanged.—*J. A. Froude.*

A San Francisco clergyman says that nine-tenths of the persons whom he has married were over thirty-four years of age.

THE BRICK-LADEN COFFIN

Louisa Germs Explaining How She Counterfeited Death.

Louisa Germs, whose death was duly certified to the satisfaction of the Health Board, but whose disinterred coffin was found to contain only nineteen bricks, was arrested in New York. The clue which led the officers to her was a letter found among Dr. Uling's papers. They acted on the clue, hoping rather to ascertain facts about her than to effect her arrest, but the person who answered their knock was Louisa Germs. She took their information that she was their prisoner laughingly, and seemed to regard the whole conspiracy as a good joke, in which she was a spectator. She said that had they called an hour later they would not have found her. She had read the stories in the newspapers and was very much amused at them.

Louisa attired herself for the street in the same mourning habiliments which figured in the photograph found in Uling's pocket. She was taken into the members' room of the detective's office, and questioned about the manifold phases of the conspiracy which was designed to defraud an Insurance company out of $10,000. She persisted in regarding the affair as a huge joke, replied readily, seeming to wish to conceal nothing, and laughed joyously whenever she thought she made a telling point. She says that Uling had not let her into the secret that the conspiracy was to obtain the insurance on her life. On the contrary, he told her that she was to personate another girl, on whose life he held a policy of $2,000. He was to marry her when they got the money. When Dr. Kurtz attended her she was shamming. She simulated convulsions by holding soap in her mouth and contorting her limbs. It imposed completely on the physician, who prescribed and went away. "He must be very green to be fooled so easily," she said, laughingly.

As to the funeral preparations, she says that the undertaker, Finck entered first, while she was expecting the persons in the house to call to see the corpse. She lay on the bed with a sheet drawn up to her chin, her face painted white and as death-like as possible. Finck brought the coffin in, and the bricks were put into it by him and Dr. Uling. To deceive her, she supposes, the name was inscribed on the plate "Louisa Grennet." She was not put in the coffin at all. The morning of the funeral she was not well, and Dr. Uling asked one of his patients to go as chief mourner; so she was denied the satisfaction of riding to her own funeral.

The sensation caused by her arrest had hardly subsided before a wagon containing the exhumed coffin arrived at the Central Police office. The dirt stained-box attracted a throng that speedily filled the halls and offices. Police Commissioners, the representatives of the insurance company, and as many casual visitors as the apartment could hold were admitted into the rear room of the detective office. Louisa Germs and Finck were brought in. It was the first intimation to the undertaker that every thread of the conspiracy was discovered, and when he saw Louisa Germs his whole frame swayed as though he would fall.

"Have you ever seen that coffin before?" inquired Capt. Irving of Louisa.

"I know it well" she replied.

"Who screwed the lid down?"

"That is the man," said she, pointing toward Finck.

"Who put the bricks in?"

"Dr. Uling. While I was pretending to be sick he brought the bricks in two or three at a time. Madame Marie (Mrs. Uling) wrapped them in paper. When they were ready to fill the coffin Dr. Uling carried them, one or two at a time, from under the bed in the back room."

Finck denied the truth of the story at first, and persisted in saying that he screwed the coffin lid down upon a human body, alive or dead. He was taken back to his cell, and there he weakened and confessed that he was a party to the conspiracy and was to received $250 when the money was obtained from the insurance company. He prepared the laths with which the bricks were fastened in the coffin and screwed them in.

It had been intended to keep Uling ignorant of the arrest of Louisa Germs until she could be brought face to face in court. Early in the morning he was taken into the detectives' office, and he wrote two letters, one to his counsel and another to a friend, asking him to go to 160 Eldridge street and tell his sister (wife) that he was arrested and to bring him some clean linen. As the story of Louisa Germs and the confession of Finck seemed to cover every point of the conspiracy, it was deemed unnecessary to keep him longer in ignorance, and he was confronted with the girl. Louisa, as soon as he entered the room, started toward him, saying, "Meine lieber Uling" (My love Uling). The detectives restrained her.

Uling was calm, but it required all his fortitude to maintain his stolidity. Asked if she knew him, she merely answered "Yes." The prisoners were returned to their cells. Louisa's gaiety forsook her as the key was turned upon her. She burst into tears, and seemed to realize that there was something more than a joke in the conspiracy. She upbraided herself with having injured Uling, whom she said she loved, and whose promise to marry her she regarded as still binding.

The prisoners were to have been arraigned at the tombs for examination, but the testimony of the woman who attended the funeral was deemed of sufficient importance to have the case postponed until she can be subpœnaed. Uling maintains silence still as far as any detailed confession is concerned. He merely says, "You have the coffin and the woman, now what are you going to do about it?" Technically, their offense is only the misdemeanor of a conspiracy to defraud. As none of Uling's oaths or affidavits were taken before a juricial officer, they cannot be made to constitute perjury. Still it is a commentary on the administration of the laws relating to proofs of death that the word of a man calling himself Dr. Uling, and whose name is not in the Medical Register, should have sufficed to obtain a burial permit.

Advice to Women.

Never lend your money to any man without the most ample security. Do not be tempted by offers of high interest or large profits to invest in business enterprises of which you know nothing. If you do, ten to one you will be cheated—especially if the tempter is a relative who ought naturally to protect you. Put your money into public securities, or the savings banks, and be content with fair interest and—safety. Take no man's word in matters of money, but take instead the advice of disinterested parties, and demand always the soundest securities. Men are governed in business matters by friendship or relationship, but by their own interests.

WATERPROOF GREASE FOR BOOTS.—In order to prevent rain-water from passing through boots during cold weather, they should be treated as follows: Take a pound of the best fresh tallow or hard mutton suet and melt it in an earthenware dish with half a pound of bees-wax and about half an ounce of rosin, and apply the compound to the leather (while warm, but not too hot.) The soles as well as the uppers should be soaked with this preparation. The wax tends to render the leather more durable and pliable, because it is an excellent antiseptic. There is no better leather unguent than this.

WHEAT BREAD.—Grate one-half dozen potatoes; jam, and add one quart of water; one cup of hop yeast at night, and in the morning when light, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flour to form a dough. Let rise; when light put in tins; let rise again, and bake one-half hour.

A man named Button died recently in Southern Berkshire, Mass., and when the sexton started out with pick and shovel, somebody asked him what he was going to do. "Going to make a Buttonhole," was the not very grave reply.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Carpenter, of Wis., introduced resolutions setting forth that the people of Cuba have declared themselves free and independent of Spain; have established a government for themselves and abolished negro slavery, and for more than five years have successfully resisted all the efforts of Spain to reduce them to submission and re-establish the condition of negro slavery in that island, and that the war between Spain and Cuba has been and is now being conducted with a degree of barbarity shocking to all Christendom, and there is no reasonable prospect that Spain will ever be able to re-establish dominion over the people of Cuba, and that it has become the duty of the United States to recognize Cuba as one of the independent nations of the earth, and that the United States will observe strict neutrality between the contending parties during the further prosecution of the war, and will accord to each of them belligerent rights and equal privileges and advantages in all ports and places within the United States.

Mr. Edmunds, of Vt., from the Judiciary Committee, reported unfavorably on the bill for the relief of purchasers of lands sold for direct taxes in the insurrectionary States.

Mr. Clayton, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill to equalize the bounties of soldiers, who served in the late war. Placed on the calendar. The bill provides that there shall be paid to every honorably discharged non-commissioned officer, private soldier, musician, artificer, and wagoner, including those known on the rolls as slaves, who served the United States in the war of the rebellion, the sum of eight and one-third dollars per month for all his time of service between April 12, 1861, and May 3, 1865; or in case of volunteers, up to the time of the muster out of the volunteer organization to which he belonged. In case of the death of any such person the payment is to be made to his widow and children. Any bounties heretofore received from the United States, or any State, are to be deducted from the allowance hereby authorized. No bounties shall be paid to substitutes, or to persons discharged as minors. No attorney shall be allowed, on pain of fine and imprisonment, to receive more than $10 for prosecuting any claim under the foregoing provisions.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to authorize the issue of a supply of arms to the authorities of the State of Nebraska. Mr. Buckingham, of Conn., submitted an amendment providing that a supply of arms should also be issued to the Indians to protect themselves from the raids of settlers. The amendment was finally withdrawn, and another offered, providing that the State of Nebraska should furnish the Federal Government with good and sufficient bonds that the arms should not be used for any other purpose than that named in the bond, "protection against Indian hostilities."

The House bill for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow in the Mississippi river was reported in the Senate and passed, with an amendment providing that the act shall expire on Sept. 1, 1874.

When the Louisville and Portland Canal Bill was discussed it was shown that the U. S. Government held 9,995 out of the 10,000 shares in the canal.

HOUSE.

Mr. Hale, of N. Y., moved to make the Congressional printer an officer of the United States, instead of, as now, an officer of the Senate. Adopted.

Mr. Holman, of Ind., moved to reduce the item of the President's salary, in the appropriation bill, from $50,000 to $25,000. He argued that the increase of salaries last session, including the President's salary, was unconstitutional. Hale, of Me., Butler, of Mass., and others opposed the amendment. The discussion resulted in a personal encounter, in which Cox, of N. Y., and Butler and Dawes, of Mass., took part.

Mr. Purman, of Fla., moved to strike out the proviso which forbids the publication of the laws in newspapers after March, 1874. He advocated his amendment as preventing the abolition of a subsidy of $60,000 to newspapers. He believed in party newspapers; but he had no respect for so-called "independent" papers, which were "neither fish, flesh nor fowl, nor even good red herring." He also protested against the repeal of the franking privilege, which had been one of the greatest acts of injustice ever perpetrated on the people living outside of large cities. Dunnell, of Minn., advocated the measure, and other members took part in it, and the motion to strike out the provision, which appropriates $60,000 for the publication of the laws, was rejected.

Mr. Morey, of La., introduced a joint resolution for the furnishing of rations, forage, and clothing to the people suffering from the inundation from the overflow of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He sent to the clerk's desk and had read extracts from correspondence detailing the frightful condition of things along the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers. He said that the present inundation was greater than any that had happened since 1847, and the people never were more destitute. In reply to Mr. G. F. Hoar, he gave the number of people needing aid at from 10,000 to 15,000. Mr. Cox, of N. Y., remarked that the proposition was rather extraordinary. The Government might as well be called upon to furnish aid to the 40,000 starving people in New York city. After some further discussion the joint resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs with leave to report at any time.

An item appropriating $50,000 for postage stamps for the State Department reopened the subject of franking. Mr. Butler, of Mass., proposed to appropriate only $1,000 for furnishing postage stamps, at the cost of manufacture, while Mr. Garfield appealed to the committee either to restore the franking privilege openly and squarely or else take the exactly opposite course, and let the Post-Office Department sell its stamps to all comers at their face value.

Mr. Coburn, of Indiana, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill empowering the President to direct the issue of food and disused army clothing for the relief of the sufferers by the overflow of the Lower Mississippi River.

Mr. Averill reported a resolution increasing the scope of the investigation previously ordered into Indian contracts for 1873 and 1874, and directing a thorough investigation of all the frauds or irregularities connected with the administration of Indian affairs for those years. Adopted.

Mr. Cox, of New York, introduced the following resolution, which was thereupon, with a letter from Mr. Tiffany, referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs: *Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, that the thanks of Congress are eminently due and are hereby tendered to Sir Lambton Lorraine, commander of the British frigate Niobe, for his humane and generous interposition at Santiago de Cuba, in protecting the lives of the survivors of the Virginius expedition. The American people recognize with admiration and gratitude his prompt and emphatic admonition, and so long as heroism in defense of humanity is deemed worthy of honor, the name of the gallant officer should be cherished.

Mr. Southard, of Ohio, introduced a bill to fix the compensation of the President of the United States at $25,000 per annum.

By Mr. Starkweather, of Conn.—Levying a tax of one-twentieth of one per cent. on the sale of stocks, bonds, gold and silver bullion, promissory notes and other securities.

By Mr. Beck, of Ky.—Increasing the tax on the circulation of national banks from one-twelfth to one quarter per cent. per month.

Mr. Lynch, of Vt., offered resolutions for the recognition of Cuban independence, being the same as were recently introduced into the Senate by Senator Carpenter. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Kelley, of Pa., moved to suspend the rules, and make the bill appropriating $3,000,000 for the centennial celebration the special order for the 5th of May next. Passed by a vote of 154 to 66.

Mr. Poland offered a resolution reciting a conflict of authority between the United States Courts and the Territorial Courts of Utah, and that the enforcement of the laws has been delayed and obstructed, and directing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill for the legal jurisdiction of the courts and officers in Utah. Adopted.

Mr. Hurlbut, of Ill., submitted a report on the bill to charter a double track freight railway company from tidewater on the Atlantic to Council Bluffs on the Missouri river, and to limit the rates of freight thereon. The report recites the various features of the existing railroad system, and says that the company proposing to build this great freight railroad will accept the low rates of freight agreed upon by the committee—15 cents a bushel to Chicago, 18 cents to St. Louis, &c. The company asks the Government to guarantee its 5 per cent. bonds at the rate of $20,000 a mile; and while the committee is not in favor of railroad subsidies, it thinks proper that the subject should be fairly submitted to the consideration of the American people. It therefore reports a bill without any recommendation. Ordered to be recommitted and printed.

A Japanese Beauty Described.

A face of classical beauty, according to Japanese notions, combined with great modesty of expression, black hair turned up and ornamented with long gold pins and scarlet crape flowers, an outer robe of the most costly silk, embroidered in gold and confined at the waist by a scarf, upon which the highest female art has been expended in ornament, and tied in a large bow behind, the ends flowing over a long train formed by seven or eight silk petticoats, each longer and richer than the other. She must be accomplished in music, embroidery, singing, and, above all, in skillfully improvising verses for the delectation of her future lord. Duty, a bundle of keys, weekly accounts, and good housewifery, are all very well. They are expected—the Japanese gentleman requires all that; but he wishes—nay, insists upon the marriage-yoke being entwined with roses and padded with the softest silk. It must not chafe; if it does, off he goes to his child, or, what is nearly as bad, his tea-house. The law allows him to do so, and is he not lord of the land?

Temperance has been triumphant in Lockport, New York, formerly a profitable locality for rum sellers. The people have not only stopped drinking, but voted that there shall be no more licenses. The New York Editorial Association meets at Lockport this season.

A Word in Season.

Health is a blessing, which comparatively few enjoy in all its fullness. Those, endowed by nature with robust frames and vigorous constitutions should be careful not to trifle with them. When we enter the season of periodic fevers, the increased heat of the sun develops a miasma which pervades the air. The evil is inextinguishable; our duty to guard against it is imperative! Fortunately for those whose lot is cast in low marshy districts or new clearings, nature provides a cure and preventive, Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS are endowed with rare prophylactic or disease-preventing powers, and as "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," should be taken in the full vigor of health, so as to fortify the system against the assault of summer disease, and thus secure by their life-giving, strengthening, restorative, and antiseptic virtues, a defense against atmospheric poison.—*Com.*

Strange Dance.

In some districts of India it is the custom to hold what is known as a devil's dance, when strings are passed through the flesh of young men on both sides of the body. The dancers sometimes die from their injuries. There is a resemblance between this custom and that of the Sioux Indians, who at intervals have feasts and dances, in which young men who aspire to be warriors have strings of buffalo hide passed through the flesh on both sides of the breast, the ends of the strings being attached to a cross pole, or to buffalo skulls. The would-be braves must dance without food or drink until the flesh gives way and they are liberated from torture. The two customs may have had the same origin.

Those who like to see a ragged toe and dirty stocking will not care to buy SILVER TIPPED Shoes. But those who would rather have a neat Silver Tip should insist that their shoe dealer should always keep them.—[Com.

Many persons suffer with sick headache and nervous headache, usually induced by costiveness, indigestion, &c. Such persons will find relief if not cure, by keeping the bowels open with small doses of *Parsons' Purgative Pills.*—[Com.

Mr. Archey McKissick, of Rockdale, Pa., in writing to Dr. Wistar, says: "My son was pronounced incurable with consumption, but hearing of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, we purchased three bottles, and he commenced using it, and from that day to this he has been getting well."—[Com.

Warranted.

Four to six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are warranted to cure Salt Rheum or Tetter and the worst kind of Pimples on the face. Two to four bottles are warranted to clear the system of Boils, Carbuncles and Sores. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas and Blotches among the hair. Six to ten bottles are warranted to cure Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Two to six bottles are warranted to cure Liver Complaint.

A WONDER TO HERSELF.

TANEYTOWN, Delaware Co., O., March 20, 1873.
To Dr. R. V. PIERCE:

Your Discovery needs only a fair trial and it will do all you recommend it to do and more too. When I was fifteen I caught cold and for twenty-eight years I have been a perfect wreck of disease, and all the medicines and doctors' bills have run up at times to two and three hundred dollars, and never any better, but worse, when I gave up all hope last spring of ever getting recovered. I received one of your Account Books and told my husband after reading it that it was too late to try further, but he said it was never too late. He went and bought two bottles, and I found that it was helping me very much. Since then I am not troubled with Catarrh and Sore Throat, and was almost entirely deaf in one ear and my voice was as dull as could be. There was constant pain in my head. Now my head is as sound as a dollar, my voice is clear, and I have used ten bottles of your Discovery. It has cured me of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Heart Disease, Spine Affection and Torpid Liver. My Liver was very bad. My skin was rough. When I put my hand on my body it was like fish scales. Now it is as smooth and soft as a child's. In conclusion I will say I have been well for three months. I am a wonder to myself and friends. This is but an imperfect statement, half has not been told. YOURS with respect,

HESTER LACKEY.

Have you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so, use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, internally and externally.—[Com.

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Dr. John Ware, celebrated VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, for Colds and Consumption.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK

from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS

will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

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THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP IS THE PRESCRIPTION OF one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the best and Surest Remedy in the world